THE LIVING AGE

CONTENTS

for January, 1934

Articles

ASIA AWAKES
I. QUO VADIS, EUROPA? ..... *Prince Karl Anton Rohan* 386
II. TWO COMMUNISTS ON JAPAN ..... *Hamadan and Smolyaninov* 388
III. ASIA FOR THE ASIATICS ..... *Dr. E. Hurwicz* 391
IV. EXPLOITATION OF INDIA ..... *Jawaharlal Nehru* 394
ACCOUNT RENDERED ..... *The Editor* 397
ZONES OF CONTRAST
I. THE MAN FROM BUENOS AIRES ..... *Raúl Scalabrini Ortiz* 416
II. SPANISH INTERLUDE ..... *Julio Camba* 421
III. OSLO AND STOCKHOLM ..... *Graham Greene* 424
A VISIT TO GOURDYEV ..... *Denis Saurat* 427
YOUTH OF FRANCE
I. THE FASCIST VIEW ..... *Friedrich Sieburg* 434
II. THE COMMUNIST VIEW ..... *Léon Moussinac* 438
THREE TALES FROM RUSSIA
I. MY MARRIED CAREER ..... *N. A. Karpov* 442
II. TO READ OR NOT TO READ ..... *Mihail Zoshchenko* 445
III. THE MAN WITH THE BROKEN WATCH ..... *Arkadi Avershchenko* 446

Departments

THE WORLD OVER 377
PERSONS AND PERSONAGES
LIFE AND DEATH OF HORST WESSEL 408
PRESENTING MAX REINHARDT ..... *Benjamin Crémieux* 410
IVAN BUNIN ..... *Marc Slonim* 413
LETTERS AND THE ARTS 448
THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY 454
AS OTHERS SEE US 458
OUR OWN BOOKSHELF 461
WITH THE ADVISORY COUNCIL 464
CORRESPONDENCE 466
COMING EVENTS 468

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

BY DEVOTING the four leading articles in our first issue of the year to Asia we indicate not only the importance that we attach to that part of the world at the moment, but the importance that we believe it will continue to possess for many months to come. Writing under the title 'Quo Vadis Europa?' Prince Karl Anton Rohan, editor of the *Europäische Revue*, expresses the fear of many Europeans that the world's centre of gravity has shifted from London, Paris, and Berlin to Moscow, Tokyo, and Washington. American recognition of the Soviet Union indicates that the Far East has also become a matter of primary concern to our own State Department.

IT IS almost as hard to find out what is happening inside Japan as it is to discover the true domestic situation in Germany. We therefore turn to a report made by two Communists showing the vast power of a few large industrial concerns and the surprisingly large size of the Japanese middle class from which any Fascist movement would have to be recruited. Although Japan has already moved far along the road to Fascism, the Communist Party is also strong and one of its own statements written in Tokyo deserves serious attention.

FEW countries have a smaller stake in the Far East than Austria and few cities have better newspapers than Vienna. Dr. Hurwicz's article from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* therefore combines detachment with authority. He can see no hope for an Asian League of Nations and describes the policy of 'Asia for the Asiatics' as merely a slogan to unite the Asiatic peoples against the Occident under Japanese leadership.

EXCEPT for Gandhi, who rarely discusses current events nowadays, there is no more authoritative spokesman for the Indian independence movement than Jawaharlal Nehru, son of the late Pandit Motilal Nehru. He describes some of the present features of British rule, which, since the arrival in power of the National Government, has been quietly resorting to more and more coercion.

WE BEGIN the new year with the last of the Editor's essays in prophecy. This one attempts to sum up the last five articles, beginning with 'Portents of Literature' in August and running through 'Population Portents' in December, and in the light of these articles to indicate what the future may hold for half a dozen of the chief nations of the earth. An assassin's bullet, to name but one unpredictable event, may, of course, upset any of the calculations. But even if these essays have thrown no light upon the future, it is at least hoped that they have cast a few sparks into the present.

RAÚL Scalabrini Ortiz has written a book about his native Argentina entitled, *El Hombre que esta solo y espera* (The Man Who is Alone and Hopes), which has been dubbed 'The Bible of Buenos Aires.' The excerpts that we came upon in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* suggest that he has done for Argentina what Doughty—and more recently our own friend Mohammed Asad—has done for Arabia. In any case, here is a form of exotic literature which has long been a characteristic feature of THE LIVING AGE.

JULIO CAMBA gives the best explanation we have seen anywhere of why the Spanish Republic did not receive a vote of confidence at the polls. His experiences and impressions abound in humor, insight, and irony. Above all he shows that the Spanish Republicans believed that when

(*Continued on page 470*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

THE identical divergences of opinion that Roosevelt's currency policy has produced in both the British and the American press suggest that both countries are divided into identical hostile groups. The struggle is not so much one between dollar and pound, between America and England, as it is a struggle between a group of British and American creditors, whose primary loyalty is to the gold standard, and a group of British and American debtors, who are likewise primarily concerned with their interests as a class. The *Week-end Review* of London, a consistent advocate of the debtor's point of view, describes the alignment as follows:—

> The old guard of international capitalists that still controls monetary policy in Paris, Basel, Amsterdam, Luxemburg, and Prague is fighting with its back to the wall. It is true that the City is lending Paris all the aid it can, at a cost to the British taxpayer that remains to be seen, and that Canadian and United States financiers are sympathetic to those who are fighting the battles of international finance. But the value of such allies is doubtful. American bankers are forced to confine their efforts to urging that a policy that they detest shall be carried out in the least objectionable manner.

Sir Arthur Michael Samuel, Conservative Member of Parliament and former British Treasury official, attacks the Roosevelt currency policy and all that it implies with equal vigor in the columns of the Conservative *Daily Telegraph*:—

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The gold operations of the United States have upset the world market for gold; they may also destroy the United States dollar. The destruction of the dollar as part of the method of raising commodity prices in the United States and other countries may, at the beginning, destroy the value of all fixed interest-bearing securities expressed in terms of dollars and, in the end, destroy the national credit of the United States.

If the policy of the United States in relation to gold currency and exchange resulted in increased depreciation of the dollar through large overseas purchases of gold, it should not be expected that Britain would embark upon a policy of creating a corresponding depreciation in sterling for the purpose of protecting the British home and export trades. Such a policy by Britain would create a currency inferno into which would be drawn all other countries still on gold. Exchange operations would then become almost impossible and the bulk of international trade would cease.

The *Saturday Review* speaks for the die-hard Tories:—

It is remarkable how all the troubles of the world since the peace may be traced to America, who persuaded us to reduce our own armaments 60 per cent, while increasing theirs by the same amount. President Roosevelt is acting more or less like a madman. He is muddling up the currencies of the world, and, having persuaded us to strip ourselves of ships and air force, has now made a pact with Litvinov and has opened the doors of the United States to Bolshevist propaganda.

Fear of American commercial rivalry may have something to do with this tribute, but the London *Economist* has printed a long table of figures showing that in point of fact there is relatively little competition between British and American exports in any one foreign market. Here are a few outstanding figures:—

BRITISH AND AMERICAN EXPORTS, 1930

Country.	Value of British Exports £'000.	Value of American Exports £'000.	American Exports as % of British
India	52,944	9,039	17
Irish Free State	34,497	2,745	8
Australia	31,678	15,198	48
France	29,690	44,792	150
Canada	29,138	131,819	453
Germany	26,809	55,652	207
South Africa	26,462	7,616	29
Argentine	25,234	25,972	103

Although the United States has obviously broken England's pre-war commercial supremacy—total American exports in 1930 were 11 per cent higher than those of England—only in the Argentine Republic and Brazil is the rivalry close.

DISSATISFACTION with the National Government increases in Great Britain. Labor has won several by-elections in districts that were hith-

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erto Conservative strongholds, and in two constituencies where the National Government had piled up majorities of 18,000 and 11,000 in 1931 its majorities have now been reduced to 2,900 and 1,700 respectively. The radical *New Statesman and Nation* gives the National Government but little credit for the improvement that has occurred:—

> Things are in general a bit better; and one or two things have been done that have definitely contributed to the improvement. One of these was the departure from the gold standard in 1931, and another was the big conversion scheme which at length brought down the long-term rate of interest to a reasonable level. We are supposed to forget that the 'National' Government came in to save the gold standard; and it is considered discourteous to point out that almost any government, no matter what its party composition, would have taken advantage of the chance of conversion that the long depression has afforded.

The Conservative *Week-end Review* makes a similar criticism:—

> Almost anything might have been expected after two years of the National Government, except what has actually happened. While the gold standard has been abandoned, while tariffs have been introduced, while government has boldly intervened by promoting large marketing schemes for agriculture, and while the whole post-war machinery of the international collective system is wobbling, the House of Commons has proved more and more ineffective. It is becoming plain that both those who expected Parliamentary government to collapse, as it has done abroad, and those who expected the depression to remold parties in quick time were equally mistaken. Parliament has acquiesced in the creation of a strong executive, which in turn has begun devolving powers on commissions in the important instances of tariffs and of unemployment insurance with a minimum of Parliamentary responsibility. Perhaps, in the emergency of 1931, the best thing Parliament could do was what it was told. But things have changed since then. If future British governments are, as we hope, to be formed from and to be responsible to the Parliament of the nation, Parliament must be awake and must know its own mind.

The conclusion would seem to be that Parliament has gone into a decline in its country of origin.

WHEN Neville Chamberlain, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, complained to the House of Commons about 'these constant fluctuations of the dollar and the consequent uncertainties and anxieties which are now spread throughout the rest of the world,' the fate of the French franc could not have been far from his thoughts. Francis Williams, financial editor of the Laborite *Daily Herald* and one of the shrewdest critics of the British Government's financial policy, has stated that the Bank of England and the British Treasury have been trying to keep the franc on the gold standard:—

> According to reliable authorities in the foreign exchange market, the Bank of England has bought hundreds of millions of francs in order to prevent their exchange value from falling. These purchases have been made because Mr. Montagu

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Norman and his fellow directors at the Bank are anxious to keep France on the gold standard, so as to keep the pound and the franc linked together, thus linking the pound indirectly to gold. They fear that if France is forced off the gold standard all hope of any return to that standard on a world-wide scale will definitely have to be abandoned.

Moreover, they believe that President Roosevelt is anxious as a deliberate part of his policy to force France off gold, because he believes that once the gold standard is completely overthrown there will be an opportunity to create a world-wide managed currency system on the lines now being planned in the United States. Both Mr. Montagu Norman and M. Moret, governor of the Bank of France, as the principal supporters of the gold standard system, are determined to fight with all their power against what is regarded as President Roosevelt's attempt at a dollar dictatorship and a prelude to trying to set up a new world monetary system.

As the money that is being used to buy francs comes from the Sterling Exchange Equalization Fund of 375 million pounds, which, in turn, comes from the pockets of British taxpayers, the episode may not be popular with the general public.

HOW much opposition to the Hitler dictatorship exists in the German working class remains a matter of conjecture: we have quoted occasionally from underground publications that indicate the beginnings of a revolutionary labor movement. What is much more certain is that aristocratic circles and the more devout Protestants and Catholics have no faith in the Third Reich. The *Manchester Guardian's* Berlin correspondent, who has several scoops to his credit, attaches great importance to two recent letters written by members of the Stahlhelm, the German War veterans' association. From these it appears that Germans who went through the War regard Hitler's Storm Troops with contempt. Here is the way one letter describes the occasion on which Seldte, the leader of the Stahlhelm [Steel Helmets], handed his organization over to Hitler:—

Seldte spoke with artificial emotion, Hitler with artificial calm. This genius for achieving mass effects is exploited by others to obtain power to destroy Germany's historic civilization and to build a new, un-German civilization on the ruins. Many a member of the Stahlhelm left the hall with the feeling that he could not, as an honest man, remain a member. Everyone noticed the difference between the Storm Troops and the Stahlhelm. The standard bearers [Storm Troopers] looked like a crowd of gladiators entering the arena, while the Stahlhelm looked like a silent, stubborn army ever prepared to defend the Fatherland.

Another Stahlhelm man, whose name is also kept secret, has described the Nazi régime as follows:—

I repudiate the Nazi régime that has converted Germany into a semi-Bolshevist, semi-Fascist prison. I repudiate a régime that bases its domination on the ruthless suppression of the free, moral personality and on the most brutal coercion

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of all liberty of spirit and opinion, a coercion that is reflected, and revoltingly so, by the mendacious uniformity of the new German press. I repudiate a régime that pursues semi-incomprehensible visions which, if realized, threaten to convert Germany into a Bolshevist state that can tolerate only tyrants and slaves.

BUT according to reports from the economic front, the Stahlhelm's distrust of Hitler will not accomplish much. Just as the American anti-trust laws are being superseded by the N. R. A. and just as Mussolini is encouraging the growth of super-trusts in Italy, so in Germany four large steel trusts have been merged into a single concern, named for Thyssen's Vereinigte Stahlwerke, but controlled by the Gelsenkirchener Bergwerks A. G. Mergers have also been effected in the coal and electrical industries and 97 per cent of the jute manufacturers, who employed thirty thousand persons in 1928–29, have formed a syndicate. The textile trades are also trying to come to an understanding to control production and prices. Whether as a result of these measures or whether because of a natural turn in the business cycle, employment, production, and export trade are increasing. Banking is also to be reorganized. Three leading Berlin banks, two of which are controlled by the government, have decided to pool their interests in some twenty places outside the capital and to close unnecessary branches. Baron von Schröder, President of the Cologne Chamber of Commerce and Industry and a member of the General Economic Council that advises the government in economic matters, has proposed that the two largest government-controlled banks, the Dresdner Bank and the Commerz und Privat Bank, set up a dozen 'regional' banks with assistance from the Reich. In short, the increasing centralization of German economic life substantiates the Stahlhelm's worst fears of a compromise Bolshevist-Fascist state.

THE outcome of the Spanish elections and the subsequent riots of the Anarchists confirm our prognostication of defeat for the moderates and a simultaneous swing to the Left and Right. At first it seemed that the gains of the Conservatives and the losses of both the Republicans and the Socialists meant that the Monarchy might be restored, but the outbreaks of working-class violence show that the same revolutionary sentiment which took the form of a general strike in the spring of 1931 still exists. We must conclude, therefore, that Spain has begun to move in the same direction as Germany and Italy, and that some form of Fascism is on the cards. The open letter of resignation written by the Socialist editor of *El Heraldo*, of Madrid, during the election campaign speaks volumes in this connection:—

Face to face with the Russian experiment the Italian and German efforts have relegated the French Revolution to a back seat. Only we, provincial and parochial,

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have accepted democracy as a novelty. Government for the people by the people is a fallacy. The choice to-day is between Moscow and Berlin.

The people of Spain evidently share this editor's dissatisfaction with democracy and, in so far as they have chosen between Moscow and Berlin, have shown a preference for the latter.

JAPAN, like the United States, suffers from the paradox of want amid potential plenty. Although her population is increasing at the rate of over a million a year; although no country in the world is so densely settled, although only 15 per cent of the land is fit for cultivation, this year's rice crop—thanks to artificial fertilizers—was so large that part of it has been withheld from the market in order to prevent the price from falling too low. The result is that in many out-of-the-way villages farmers cannot afford to buy the rice that they have grown and must live on coarser foodstuffs while the schoolchildren in the cities have to go without lunch.

But war has proved a good medicine for declining profits and employment. Thanks to revived activity in the munitions industry, the leading heavy industries are paying dividends of between ten and twenty per cent, and all of them report increasing activity. At the same time the demand for labor has become so great that the Kobe municipal employment agency cannot supply any experienced help at all, with the result that youthful, unskilled help is being used. The same agency also reports that the demand for domestic servants exceeds the supply, although members of the educated classes cannot find work. Incidentally, the average pay of the educated worker on a new job is 33.07 yen per month, whereas skilled labor in heavy industry receives 3 yen a day—with extra pay for overtime. But all this business activity can proceed only on the basis of an unbalanced budget.

THE announcement by Thomas A. Morgan of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation that his company has signed a contract with the Chinese National Government to build a five-million-dollar airplane factory at Hangchow, 110 miles southwest of Shanghai, confirms Japanese fears that the United States is aiding China's air force to expand. Major General Yahe Ohba of the Japanese Army wrote as follows in the November issue of *Gendai:*—

> The United States is striving to spread her influence, especially that of aviation, in southern China, taking advantage of the Manchurian incident, on which all China's attention was focused. Soon afterwards, it so happened at the Shanghai engagement that a part of the Canton army received a severe attack from the Japanese bombing machines, which further stimulated the aviation fever in

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southern China. Under such favorable circumstances the United States could easily lay strong foundations for her aviation enterprise.

And the General regards this enterprise as directed against Japan:—

> The existence of so strong an air force in southern China close to Formosa means a great menace to Japan. This is especially true if it shakes hands with the American planes in the Philippines. It is clear as day from the past movements of the United States that in time the American influence thus implanted will take root in the soil of the Canton district.

Pan-American Airways is also active in China and controls 45 per cent of the China National Aviation Corporation. The remainder of the stock is controlled by the Chinese Ministry of Communications, which has been active in encouraging civil flying in China.

WILLIAM MARTIN, former foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève* and one of the best informed journalists in Europe, has written an article in the London *Spectator* suggesting that some understanding must exist between Japan and Germany. Japan not only fears that China will become the most powerful state in the Far East, she also fears that the simultaneous rise of Russia will block her own temporary dominance. M. Martin therefore develops this line of reasoning:—

> To-day the anti-Communist passion of the German National Socialists makes them the natural allies of all Russia's enemies. Japan had only to turn towards Berlin to find encouragement if not actual assistance. Has this community of interest already acquired the form of a positive alliance? There is no ground for asserting that, but it would be inconceivable that Japan should undertake any adventure in the Far East against Russia without Germany being tempted to profit by it in Europe for the realization of her ambitions, and, conversely, it would be inconceivable that Germany should provoke a European war without Japan immediately endeavoring to profit by the trouble thus created to establish herself on the territories which she covets. The League of Nations and the Powers that have based their policy and their security on it are reaping at this moment the fruit of their past weakness. They imagined that the Far East was a long way from Europe. What a miscalculation. We see to-day where the policy of *laissez faire* has led us—to a direct alliance between the two ambitious Powers of Asia and Europe, to a double resignation from the League of Nations, to a formidable threat to the peace of the world: finally, to a return all along the line to the policy of alliance and the race of armaments.

American recognition of the Soviet Union and the establishment of closer Franco-Russian relations indicate that a German-Japanese alliance would encounter formidable opposition.

A BULLETIN published by the Japanese military information bureau in Tientsin has made public a project allegedly submitted to the Soviet authorities by a Russian engineer named Avdeyev to transform Japan into an arctic country. Here is the scheme. Sakhalin, the northern half

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of the northernmost island in the Japanese archipelago, belongs to Russia and its tip almost joins the Russian mainland. Through this narrow opening runs an arctic current that clings to the Asiatic coast as far south as Korea where it turns eastward and joins a southern current that pours through the Korea strait and warms the coast of Japan as the Gulf Stream warms the coast of England. The Avdeyev plan is said to call for the construction of a dam between Sakhalin and the mainland—a distance of barely three miles—with locks to permit the passage of ships. The result would be that the arctic current would then flow down the western side of Sakhalin and descend upon Japan from the north whereas the warm current that now flows north through the Korea strait to Japan would turn westward and raise the temperature of the Russian Maritime Province and keep Vladivostok open all the year round.

That Japan would allow this fantastic scheme to be put into effect is as doubtful as that Russia would actually resort to it.

THE revolt of the province of Fukien, which lies opposite the island of Formosa, a Japanese possession, again suggests the possibility that other Chinese provinces will follow the example of Kiangsi and turn Communist. The Japanese have been emphasizing this danger through a group of diplomats, business men, financiers, journalists, and soldiers, who have been sent to Nanking to convince the Chinese Nationalist Government to stamp out the Red Menace and forget Manchuria. To the suggestion that China should accept Japanese aid in this task a high official in the Nanking Government replied:—

> If it comes to that point and the Chinese people are compelled to make a decision between Japan or the Chinese Communists as future rulers of the nation, there can be no question as to their choice—the vote would be overwhelmingly in favor of the Communists because they are Chinese.

In practice, however, the Nanking Government has fought Communism much more vigorously than it has fought the Japanese. Writing on 'Combating Communism in China' in the Nationalist *China Critic* of Shanghai, L. I. Tsok says:—

> Recent events again brought to the fore the question of Communism in China together with the ways and means of subduing its sinister menace. For months on end General Chiang Kai-shek has been concentrating man power and resources for a determined drive on Red lairs in Kiangsi, and it took Mr. T. V. Soong's resignation to bring into bolder relief the magnitude of the task of suppression, not to speak of total annihilation, from the financial standpoint alone. Mayor Wu Teh-chen, of the municipality of greater Shanghai, announced that a publicity campaign to arouse the people to the importance of banditry suppression would soon be launched because the prosperity of Shanghai depends largely on peace and

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tranquillity in the rural districts, parts of which are now being overrun by Communist bandits.

But Mr. Tsok promptly confesses that the task of stamping out Communism may be beyond the government's power. 'Here is another sure case when, as the saying goes, it is easier to swim with the current than against it.' His own suggestion is 'to let the consequence of the Soviet experiment tell its own story,' but the government has other ideas and is about to embark on 'a rigid application of the army machine with a view to the eradication of Red terrorism for good and all.' If this fails, Mr. Tsok urges that 'authority should be abdicated in favor of more competent hands.'

THE publication of the All-India Census Report, prepared by Dr. J. H. Hutton, Census Commissioner, shows that between 1921 and 1931 India's population grew from 318 to 352 millions. This represents a considerable increase over the three previous decades. Between 1891 and 1901, the population of India increased only seven millions, by 1911 it had increased twenty-one millions, by 1921 less than four millions. Over the past half-century, however, the population of India has increased 39 per cent. Unlike the native writers on Indian population, Dr. Hutton does not believe that India lives permanently on a bare subsistence level and that any population growth is bound to result in an insufficient food supply. According to Dr. Hutton, India's well-being depends on the increase of that portion of the population that devotes itself to agriculture, and, since the eleven per cent of the people who live in cities have increased only 8 per cent since 1921, the situation does not appear alarming. But the total literate population is now only 28 millions—in other words, considerably less than the total population increase during the past ten years. The effects of malnutrition and disease are brought out by the fact that the expectation of life at birth for females is twenty-six and one-half years; for males, twenty-seven years.

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These four articles on Asia possess special timeliness in the light of American recognition of the Soviet Union. The first sums up what has happened since the War, the next two deal with Japan, and the fourth deals with India.

ASIA Awakes

A Far Eastern Symposium

I. Quo Vadis, Europa?

By Prince Karl Anton Rohan

Translated from the *Europäische Revue*, Berlin National-Socialist Monthly

WHILE the sentimental statesmen of Western Europe, still using the old-fashioned language of the nineteenth century, sit like ghosts in judgment over Germany's love of peace and express their hesitations and doubts about the armament industry, outside Europe a realignment of forces is under way that deserves the attention of all those who have Europe's problems seriously at heart. Long ago we recognized that the centre of gravity of world politics moved from Europe after the war to the coasts of the Pacific Ocean. Nor can we accept the immeasurably frivolous, feebly emotional, and hysterically provincial European post-war policy that has tried to make Europe the decisive factor in major issues of world power merely because the fate of Europe depends on certain essential struggles for world power. The great game that Washington, Moscow, and Tokyo are now playing ignores the fourth natural partner, Europe. Conversations are being conducted over our heads, and Chancellor Hitler's appeal to Europe owes its unique historic significance to the fact that it is the first utterance that recognizes the real state of affairs.

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In Constantinople a German electric-light bulb costs 1.80 rentenmarks, a Russian, 0.35, and a Japanese, 0.60. This means that the Russians and the Japanese have succeeded in taking over our economic and productive methods and, by maintaining or introducing slave labor, have gained an important advantage over us. The present struggle for the division of world power takes the form of a struggle for world markets, and many Europeans are convinced that if the Orient achieves its purpose of economic and, therefore, military armament, its ruling classes, which are to-day demanding heroism and slavish sacrifices from the masses, must grant more liberal institutions and raise the popular standard of living. But in the face of this conviction the fact remains that those countries with the lowest, most slavish standard of living have attained the highest production and that they are being guided by statesmen whose historic perspective reaches beyond the immediate struggle for power. These men take long-range views and act in such a way that they become a serious danger to the economic hegemony of the white race.

It needs little imagination to conceive of how the world would look if not we but the Russians and the Japanese were to sell machine guns—the modern equivalent of glass beads—to savages. With all the recent enthusiasm for autarchy, it would not be easy to convince our greedy masses that it is right and just to charge them a high price for the goods they make, at a time when the same goods can be bought cheaply from Russia and Japan. Meanwhile, the price of wheat monopolizes the attention of the European because he feels that the peasant is the real foundation of the state, and he ignores the price of electric-light bulbs.

Of course we shall soon take measures against Japan. That is obvious. But how about Russia? I have already referred in these pages to the epoch-making significance of Russia's change of policy and to the increasing tension in the Far East. Russia has guaranteed its exports to eastern Europe by means of the non-aggression pacts concluded by Litvinov during the London Economic Conference. Not only has pan-Slavic race consciousness been reborn in a form that used to crop up only here and there, but the east European farming districts are so convinced that they have been cheated by west European and American capitalism that they approve of taking goods from Russia. All this would be significant, but not decisive, if a political decision of world significance had not been announced. Litvinov has gone to Washington. In his pocket we hear that he carries vast proposals for the United States to finance Russian economic development if Wall Street will extend five-year credits, though, up to now, Russian business has been conducted on the basis of two-year credits. But Roosevelt's recovery and reconstruction programme seems to have suffered a setback, and it would be more than strange if American finance refused the opportunity to do business in Russia, especially when one stops to think how many orders could be filled on five-year credits. In this vast transaction two huge realistic nations would link capital and labor.

The project also has an anti-Japanese and anti-European element, and if it should be carried out on a

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really large scale it would certainly encourage Europe to make every effort at achieving unity and understanding, especially within the framework of the Four-Power Pact. For a Russian-American economic alliance would not only alter the situation in the Far East, but would transform the world market within a few years. Only a peaceful and economically united Europe could withstand the impact of dumped Russian exports, financed by American capital and manufactured at the Russian level of pay. In other words, only a Europe that would submit to partial revision of the peace treaties. A curious rumor has gone the rounds that America suddenly decided on this course because Russia and Japan were known to be negotiating a far-reaching economic and political pact. No sooner, therefore, did Litvinov decide to embark on his journey than Japan took a new initiative. The sudden invitation of the Powers to Tokyo shows how many important decisions must be made on many important fronts as the struggle for the division of world power proceeds.

II. Two Communists on Japan

By Hamadan and Smolyaninov

From *International Press Correspondence*
London Weekly Organ of the Third (Communist) International

THE unceasing fight between the ruling imperialist cliques in Japan has recently become exceedingly acute. This fight is the reflection of the enormously complicated inner position of imperialist Japan, which is shaken to its very foundation by the crisis.

The crisis has brought enormous masses of the working population into movement. This is to be seen before all in the rural districts, as the village population are compelled to bear the double yoke of the landowners and finance capital.

Of a total of 5,576,000 peasant farmers, 1,487,000 have no land whatever of their own and have to rent it from the big landowners; 2,500,000 peasant farmers possess about one acre of land, and 1,240,000 from one to two and a half acres. Of this category of 'landowners' 2,360,000 are compelled to rent land in order to maintain their existence.

The high ground rents and the heavy taxes depressed the standard of living of the Japanese peasants below that necessary for human existence. In addition to exploitation by the landowners, the Japanese peasant is oppressed by monopolist capital. The land in Japan is so poor that it can only be rendered fruitful by thorough fertilization. The production of chemical fertilizers is in the hands of the gigantic Mitsui and Mitsubishi concerns. These concerns are also the chief purchasers of the products of the peasants, especially of silk cocoons and rice. At the present time, owing to the crisis and the fall in the price of rice and silk cocoons, starvation prevails in the Japanese villages.

In the last few years the debts of the peasants have increased enormously and in 1932 amounted to between seven and eight million yen. The *Transpacific*, a paper published in

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Tokyo, wrote in its issue of August 17, 'The peasants are tilling the soil to pay their debts; they work and live to pay off debts.'

II

In such a situation the tenants and share croppers are, of course, unable to pay the rent to the landowners. The class struggle between the tenants and landowners has assumed a fierce character. According to figures published in the Japanese press, in the first half of 1933 there were 2,200 conflicts, which means that their number had doubled compared with the previous year. The lower strata of the village population, before all the poor tenants, have organized themselves in semi-legal associations. The poor and middle peasants are organizing self-defense groups for the fight against the landowners, police, and gendarmerie, and in order to repel the Fascist bands. There are at present in Japan 4,208 tenants' associations with a total membership of 302,000.

The landowners and *kulaks* on their part are combining in associations for the fight against the tenants; they are organizing Fascist unions such as *Airod Tzjuku* (School of Patriots), which took part in the attempted insurrection on May 15, 1932. In all, there are 640 landowners' organizations with 53,000 members. In addition, there exist 1,980 mixed associations, in which landowners and *kulaks* are organized, with a total membership of 308,000. The big Japanese Fascist organization, *Dainichon Sai San-to*, is actually a federation of 30 Fascist organizations and is known by its active participation in the fight against the tenants, the murdering of their leaders, and so forth.

Along with the intensification of the class struggle in the village there is an increase in the struggle of the urban proletariat. According to official, but incomplete, government returns, in the first half of 1932 there were 843 strikes, participated in by 53,247 workers, compared with 944 strikes participated in by 48,366 workers in the previous year. The number of strikes in connection with wage demands has increased.

The Communist Party of Japan, under exceedingly hard conditions of terror and espionage, is carrying on a persistent struggle in order to rally the masses together, is openly combating the ruling classes and the Fascist groups, exposing the imperialist nature of the latter, and revealing the true character of the war in China. In spite of wholesale arrests (in the year 1932–33 there were 7,000 people in prison accused of 'Communist activity') the Communist Party is increasing its efforts to win the masses of the toilers.

There are special Fascist organizations in the towns which agitate among the factory workers. There are over 100 Fascist and semi-Fascist organizations in Japan, which together number millions of members. The Reservists' Association, which has several million members, is being fascised. All these organizations are led by prominent representatives of Japanese imperialism, especially by officers, and mainly unite petty bourgeois elements in their ranks. The Fascist agency of the ruling class is taking advantage of the circumstance that the crisis has severely hit the petty bourgeoisie. It should be mentioned, by the way, that the petty bourgeoisie in Japan plays a greater rôle than in other capitalist countries.

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In addition to the big works and factories built and equipped on the most up-to-date lines, there are innumerable small factories and workshops in Japan. According to the latest figures, about 15.3 per cent of the Japanese population, that is, about nine million, are employed in trade and commerce. About four million are clerks, employees, intellectuals, and their families. The big undertakings squeeze out the small undertakings not only by means of their better organization of production, of sales markets, of provision of raw material and credit, but also by virtue of the fact that these big concerns are monopolist producers and suppliers of raw material for the small undertakings and are at the same time their creditors. Hundreds of small merchants in the Japanese towns are helpless in face of the competition of the big stores, especially of the Mitsui.

The Japanese petty bourgeois is ground between the upper and nether millstone: between monopolist capital and the resistance of the workers against wage cuts and the lowering of the standard of living. The petty bourgeois, who is being gradually ruined, sees the whole evil in the policy of the big concerns and the existing political parties, which 'oppress the people' and do not fight sufficiently against the 'Communist pest,' which 'disturbs the mutual relations between the petty bourgeoisie, the workers, and tenants.'

The real master of Japanese Fascism is the monopoly of capital. The whole of Japan is dominated by seven or eight concerns. The well-known Japanese economist Takahashi has calculated that there are 38,516 companies in Japan with a total capital of 12,634 million yen. Of these, 108 companies with a capital of 1,300 million yen are dominated by the Mitsui concern; 66 companies with a total capital of 960 million yen are dominated by the Mitsubishi concern; 66 companies with a capital of 690 million yen are subordinate to the Yasuda concern; 30 companies with a capital of 260 million are dominated by the Sumitomo concern. If one calculates the capital of those companies which are partly under the control or dependent upon the above concerns, it is found that 127 companies with a total capital of 2,440 million yen are connected with the Mitsui concern; 120 companies with a total capital of 2,720 million yen are controlled by the Mitsubishi concern; 109 companies with a capital of 2,600 million yen by Yasuda; and 75 companies with a capital of 1,650 million yen by the Sumitomo concern.

The Mitsui and Mitsubishi dominate all the cartels. Whole branches of industry are subordinated to these concerns, as for instance the production of paper, the chemical industry, the milling industry. The Mitsui and Mitsubishi concerns, which play such a prominent rôle in industry, have decisive influence also on home and foreign trade, and chiefly on the export of capital. Before the beginning of the crisis the turnover of the foreign trade of the Mitsui concern amounted to 2,000 million yen.

The last few months witnessed a further worsening of the economic situation. In August the price of rice declined further and reached the low level of 17 yen per koku (one koku equals 180 kilogrammes) in wholesale trade, while the cost of production of a koku of rice amounts on an average to

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21 yen. The owners of large stocks of rice, the big landowners, wholesale dealers, and banks are imploring the government for help. Production has remained stationary in spite of the big war orders and the prospect of still bigger orders. The stock exchange reacted with a sudden drop in share quotations. The budget deficit for the coming year is even greater than was the budget deficit this year, and it is intended to cover it by loans. But there are limits to the possibilities of loans, and these are already reached.

The general deterioration of the economic situation, which brings with it a decline in the profits of the big bourgeoisie, a growth of the class struggle, and an increased process of impoverishment of the petty bourgeoisie and of the small landowners, is accompanied by a strong, active Fascist movement. On the orders of the monopolist organizations the Fascists are carrying on agitation for increased imperialist aggression and organizing a fresh imperialist adventure. The pressure of the military Fascist elements on the government is specially strong. It is these elements which are most loudly calling for war adventures. In this they find a common language with the parties of the big landowners and various bourgeois groups. Since the occupation of Manchuria the Japanese military has won decisive influence over the Japanese government. This shows that Japanese imperialism has adopted the path of 'resolute policy' in order to find a way out of the crisis and prevent a revolutionary outbreak at home. But the crisis is steadily increasing, and the occupation of Manchuria has not reduced the antagonisms but raised them to a higher level.

III. Asia for the Asiatics

By Dr. E. Hurwicz

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, Vienna Conservative Daily

MORE and more announcements of an aggressive anti-European, pan-Asiatic movement have been coming our way recently from the Land of the Rising Sun. The mounting wave of pan-Asiatic enthusiasm in Japan impresses not only Chinese and Dutch-Indian observers, but even the Japanese themselves. According to *Batavia Nieuws Blad* Japan has announced a Monroe Doctrine for Asia. In dispatches from the Dutch East Indies press we also find references to the latest pamphlet by Japan's War Minister, General Araki, entitled 'The Path of Japan.' Araki explains that Japanese rule over Manchuria and Mongolia is the first step toward 'Japanese peace' throughout Asia, which must be freed from 'white exploiters.'

Araki continues, 'The Asiatic peoples are the victims of oppression by the white race.' The aroused Japanese empire cannot tolerate the ambitions of the exploiting powers any longer. Japan has the moral duty to attack all nations that threaten the integrity of Asia, however strong they may be. If it comes to open struggle in Eastern Asia, Japan has the right and duty to intervene. Araki applies this doctrine

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to Mongolia where interest has recently focused. Japanese troops have entered this territory heading for Kalgan. 'Mongolia,' says Araki, 'is neither Chinese nor Russian territory, nor yet is it an independent country. Japan cannot risk the danger of Russia's invading such an important strategic wedge as Mongolia, for Mongolian territory might then become a source of disturbance for all Asia.' Araki's statements bear a strong resemblance to the plans outlined by former Prime Minister Tanaka, who originated the unsuccessful attempt to occupy Shantung in 1927, and who is chiefly famous for the 'Memorial' calling for a 'positive programme,' especially in Manchuria and Mongolia. The authenticity of the Tanaka 'Memorial' has been widely questioned, but Araki's pamphlet makes this dispute irrelevant, for Japanese troops are now offering practical proof that this 'positive programme' is being executed.

But what is the reason for the obvious extension of this programme of Asia for the Asiatics, for the announcement of a Monroe Doctrine in Asia, and for toleration of anti-British attacks by Indian Nationalists in Japan? There are many grounds for Japan's outspoken, anti-European attitude. One of them was given in the *Osaka Mainichi* of June 21, which spoke of 'a fundamental reorientation of Japanese diplomacy and policy' after Japan had left the League of Nations. This step isolated Japan from the European and especially from the Western Powers, and the Japanese press itself admitted that isolation would inevitably cause Japan to conclude individual alliances with all the nations on the Asiatic continent. Recently a strategic factor, quite apart from world policy, has aroused great nervousness in Japan. On top of the manœuvres of the United States Navy in the Far East and American loans to China for the support of a joint Chinese-American air service, France has been making efforts to establish a naval base in the Southern Pacific. And, finally, there is an economic consideration—the tremendous expansion of Japanese exports, which have declined slightly in China because of the war and the boycott but have increased enormously in other parts of the world. Here are Japan's exports in millions of yen during the first six months of 1933 compared with the same period in 1932 to those regions that take the largest amount of Japanese goods:—

	1933	1932
Manchuria	132	49½
British India.....	103	79½
China.....	67	71

As a result of this expansion, especially in India, we are now witnessing an Anglo-Japanese tariff war.

How do the Japanese believe that the nations of Asia will come together? We already know. By means of separate treaties between individual countries, an idea obviously taken over from Soviet foreign policy. The next steps are defined as follows by the Japanese newspaper, *Shun Pao:*—

1. An alliance between China, Japan, and Manchuria in order to create a military, political, and economic bloc in the Far East.

2. A defensive alliance between China and Japan to fight against Communism and banditry so that the Chinese central government will be supported by Tokyo.

3. Japan will not tolerate the inter-

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ference of any third power in its Asiatic policy.

II

These concrete proposals make the real purpose of this alliance clear, to wit, universal Japanese hegemony. The inclusion of Manchukuo in this triple alliance as if it were an independent state is a transparent tactical manœuvre. But that China is summoned in the same breath with Manchukuo and thus relegated to the same position makes the Chinese patriots furious and not without reason. 'Japan's sugar-coated poison' is what the *China Weekly Review* called this offer in its July 22 issue.

Here we come to the outstanding feature of all Japanese pan-Asiatic policy. It is wholly directed to the advantage of Japan: when Tokyo says pan-Asia it means Japan. Yet there was a time when Japan could have assumed a leading and creative rôle in the pan-Asiatic movement, if it had wished to do so, and that was in 1914. But it did not wish to do so and merely sought its own advantage, for which Sun Yat-sen reproached the country at that time. Everything else that Japan has attempted in this part of the world has failed, not only the Twenty-one Demands laid upon China in 1915, which were supposed to lay the basis of a completely one-sided Sino-Japanese alliance, but the first pan-Asiatic Conference at Nagasaki in 1926, when the opposition of the Koreans and the Chinese to the Japanese took such violent form that the Japanese police had to play a most unpopular rôle. Ignoring the actual situation in Korea, resolutions were passed condemning unequal treaties between Asiatic powers, but the position of Korea created and still creates in China hostility toward all Japanese efforts of propitiation.

Even in the most remote pan-Asiatic matters, Japanese interests are of primary importance, as was shown in the statements delivered by Indian Nationalists in Japan this year. They demanded freedom of India from British rule, appealed to 'four hundred million Chinese and to three hundred million Indians' to thrust back British influence 'westward from the Suez canal,' emphasized England's ingratitude toward Japan at the Washington Naval Conference and at Geneva after the two countries had maintained an alliance for so long a time, and finally attacked the trade agreement between England, Japan, and India as being devised to aid Lancashire industry and not Indian industry. Could Japanese interests have been more eloquently proclaimed?

To gain a real understanding of the pan-Asiatic idea, one must always keep the following three points in mind. In the first place, it would be absurd to deny that the awakening of the Asiatic peoples is the greatest event since the War, but we must not confuse this awakening with the unification of the Asiatic peoples, for, in the second place, the inner conflicts between these people will remain impossible to solve. One thinks in this connection not only of Sino-Japanese rivalry but of the equally important hostility between Mohammedans and Hindus. In the third place, the pan-Asiatic movement, which is now so active and anti-European in Japan, the strongest Asiatic power, is itself torn with contradictions and cannot become a leading creative force. Many of the more critical Japanese recog-

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nize this themselves. Dr. Hitoshi Ashida, a member of the Japanese parliament, has said, 'The problem of an Asiatic League of Nations that is now so popular may unify the nations of Asia in their mistrust of Europe and America, but the decisive question for us is coöperation with China, without which such a league would be nothing but a name.'

IV. Exploitation of India

By Jawaharlal Nehru

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

[*Jawaharlal Nehru is, next to Gandhi, the strongest influence in the Indian Nationalist movement to-day. His is a growing power. His views, expressed with clearness and simple directness in the article, will be ignored by the statesmen and leaders of this country at their peril. Any policy for India which brushes it aside as the 'utterances of an extremist' will fail.* — Editor, *Daily Herald*.]

IT IS not easy to write briefly on the Indian situation for the information of the British public. Partisan and one-sided propaganda has held the field in England for so long that every vital issue has been confused, and a totally false impression created of conditions in India.

Even in India, during the last three or four years, ordinance rule, which is close cousin to martial law under certain legal forms, and a rigid censorship of the press, have suppressed not only expressions of opinion but even news that was unpalatable to the British authorities in India.

The newspaper press is bound hand and foot; public meetings on political issues are not allowed to be held; books and pamphlets, even those giving admitted facts, are proscribed; letters and telegrams are censored and sometimes do not reach their destination.

It is an offense in many parts of the country to publish the names or photographs of people arrested under the ordinances. Some months ago even a memorial meeting on the anniversary of the death of my father, Pandit Motilal Nehru, was banned, though it was convened largely by non-Congressmen and a peaceful moderate like Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru was to have presided over it.

In some parts of Bengal and in the Frontier Province there is a military occupation and an interference with the day-to-day activities of every citizen that is far more severe than if the country had been invaded by a foreign army during war time.

Even children in Chittagong and Midnapore have to carry about cards of identity. The movements of people are strictly regulated. Even their dress has to conform to official directions, and heavy fines are imposed on whole towns and villages, to which the residents are made to contribute regardless of guilt or innocence.

Every hint of police or military barbarity is suppressed and punished, and even official inquiries are denied. An occasional act of terrorism by a youth is answered by the organized and continuous terrorism of the state.

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British newspapers attack the Indian National movement from a variety of fronts, regardless of the obvious inconsistency of their statements.

On the one hand, the Congress is said to be a reactionary body controlled by millowners and the like; on the other, no-rent campaigns are said to be the work of Bolsheviks and their kind. The fact is that the direct action struggle of the Congress during the last four years and the slump and rapid march of economic events in the world during this period have resulted in influencing the Congress powerfully in a Socialist direction, and the struggle for independence has come more and more to mean a radical change in the social order to bring relief to the suffering masses.

II

In a recent correspondence Mr. Gandhi declared that real independence must mean the devesting of the vested interests in India. Inevitably our struggle for independence is also becoming a struggle for social freedom.

The word independence is not a happy word, for it signifies isolation, and there can be no such isolation or independence in the modern world. But the word has to be used for want of a better one. It must not be understood, however, to mean that we want to cut ourselves off from the rest of the world. We do not believe in a narrow and aggressive nationalism. We believe in interdependence and international coöperation, but at the same time we are convinced that there can be no dependence whatever and no real coöperation with imperialism.

Thus we want complete independence from every kind of imperialism. But that does not rule out the fullest coöperation with the British people or other peoples who do not wish to exploit us. Essentially, therefore, our struggle for freedom is a struggle for a radical change of the social structure and the ending of all exploitation of the masses. This can only be done by the devesting of the great vested interests in India, and the biggest of these is that of the British Government.

A mere process of changing officials, of 'Indianization,' as it is called,—of giving a high office to an Indian instead of an Englishman,—has no interest whatever for us. It is the system exploiting the masses of India that we object to, and it must go before any effective relief comes to the masses.

India is in a state of revolt because the working classes, the peasantry, and the lower middle classes are crushed by various kinds of exploitation. They want immediate relief; they want food for their hungry stomachs. Even the great majority of the landlords are being reduced to beggary, as the land-tenure system is breaking down.

The Round Table scheme, whether it is adopted by the British Parliament as it is, or varied, will not solve a single problem in India. Much is made in England of the so-called 'die-hard' opposition to it, of the attacks of the Churchill-Lloyd group, and of the defense bravely put up by Mr. Baldwin and others. So far as India is concerned it views these mock battles with supreme unconcern, for, whatever the result of them may be, it will not affect her attitude to a scheme which is reactionary, absurd, and unworkable to an extraordinary degree.

Thus, so far as the Congress is con-

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cerned, the Round Table Conference and the Joint Select Committee have made no difference whatever to our struggle for freedom, except in so far as they have cleared issues and demonstrated that British imperialism stands for all that is reactionary in India. Under these circumstances the struggle for independence and social change must go on. Indeed, it is not in the power of any individual or group to end this struggle.

Even the Congress cannot do it, for the struggle for freedom is the natural result of economic conditions, and so long as these conditions continue, they must find outlet in such a struggle. If the Congress leaders withdraw, other people and other organizations will take their place.

The Congress does not want any power for itself. I am sure that it will willingly abide by the decision of the Constituent Assembly, and even dissolve itself as soon as Indian political independence is achieved. It is doubtful, however, if under existing conditions, or in the near future, such a Constituent Assembly can be held. The more this is delayed the more will the political problem of India become an economic one and the ultimate change will be social as well as political.

The struggle for Indian freedom is essentially a part of the world struggle for the emancipation of the exploited everywhere and for the firm establishment of a new social order.

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The Editor of THE LIVING AGE concludes his series of essays in prophecy with a survey that draws conclusions from the material previously presented.

Account Rendered

By THE EDITOR OF THE LIVING AGE

IF THE five essays of interpretation and prophecy that have appeared in our last five issues have left the impression that the whole world is passing through a period of unprecedented change they have achieved their chief purpose. But they were not written for that alone. Another point they have tried to emphasize is that similar changes are occurring in many different regions and that the similarity of these changes tends to make all nations more and more alike rather than more and more different. 'Portents of Literature' in our August issue came to the conclusion that France, Germany, and England—judged in the light of their post-war literature—were all moving toward revolution, though at varying rates of speed. The next month 'Money or Machines?' attempted to show that orthodox finance had broken down most completely wherever technological advance had been most rapid. 'Twilight of the Gods,' a survey of the chief organized religions of the world, showed that almost everywhere religious sects had gone into a decline, that nationalism was becoming the religion of the twentieth century, and that the shift from the old religion to the new generally went hand in hand with revolution. In our November issue 'The Revolution in Agriculture' concluded that mechanized farming was ruining the individual farmer to-day, just as mechanized industry ruined the 'Cottage Industries' of eighteenth-century England. Last month 'Population Portents' indicated some significant population changes in recent years, notably in the Soviet Union.

The time has therefore arrived to state much more precisely what lies ahead for each nation thus far discussed. But before proceeding to judge each separate nation in the light of the evidence already presented, let me point out that in all of them mechani-

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cal appliances and non-human sources of power have recently supplanted hand tools and human labor. In so far as power-driven machinery has replaced the labors of man and beast in the production of goods and services, to precisely that extent have literature, religion, finance, agriculture, and population reflected the revolution that is now in progress throughout the world and that can continue in each nation only so far as natural resources permit. And when we attempt to sum up in a single sentence what has happened, we turn not to the economist but to the poet, Paul Valéry, who has said, '*Le temps du monde fini commence.*' The time of the completed world begins.

Begins, mind you. For neither M. Valéry nor our own prosaic information suggests that the 'completed world' already exists or that it is about to shape itself smoothly into a rounded whole. The revolution through which we are passing—caused, like many revolutions, by new methods of production—has not been a gentle affair up to now. Russia, Italy, Turkey, Spain, and Germany have all undergone recent social upheavals, some more violent than others. And if the World War marked the beginning of the present World Revolution, the more recent conflict between China and Japan indicates how far that Revolution extends.

II

Try to prognosticate the future of any Great Power and you will quickly understand how trivial is the distinction between revolution and war and how vital are the technological changes that make for class struggle at home or imperialist struggle abroad. Whether Germany fights France or whether Japan fights the United States depends almost exclusively on the internal condition of at least one, and probably both, of the contending powers. After ten years of unbroken depression, marked only by the disastrous Tokyo earthquake of 1923, Japan turned her costly army loose on Manchuria. Spain and Germany, on the other hand, lacking enough armed strength to venture upon war, underwent revolutions. On the basis of these three precedents it is not difficult to foresee that other nations will presently face the same choice that Japan, Spain, and Germany did, and that in some cases the decision will be so close that prophecy as to its outcome is almost impossible.

Let me illustrate. A few days before England went off the gold standard and shortly after the emergency National Government had assumed office, a mutiny in the Grand Fleet prevented the annual naval manœuvres. More recently, several Conservative candidates for Parliament have been defeated at by-elections because of the alleged militarism of the present government. Yet in the face of more widespread opposition to war than exists in any other large European nation, the British cabinet continues to increase its expenditures on sea and air defense. What will the outcome be? On the one hand, the aggressive militarism of a Hitler or Mussolini would find but little popular response in England. On the other, England could not remain neutral if a European war extended to the shores of France or Belgium, especially now that aircraft, poison gas, and heavy artillery have become so much more deadly.

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But barring the possibility of war in Europe, increased popular discontent in England would be likely to release itself in class strife as it did during the general strike of 1926.

The weight of our evidence suggests, however, that neither war nor revolution will be the fate of England in the near future. Recent British literature shows mild nationalistic tendencies. The lack of water power, oil, and other natural resources, and the comparative backwardness of industry do not suggest that production can increase to such a point as to bring on a financial collapse of American proportions. Organized religion declines slowly, but since it long ago lost the power that it more recently enjoyed in Spain, Turkey, Russia, and the United States, this is a matter of minor importance. British farms are too small to be mechanized and, finally, the prospect of a declining population within ten years means less overcrowding. In short, I am irresistibly drawn to conclude that England is destined by purely material factors to become a second-rate power, that a European war would hasten this decline, and that the impending social revolution will begin with moderate Fascism. As the radical *New Statesman and Nation* recently pointed out, 'The wildest and most optimistic Communist has never hoped for success in Great Britain except as a result of a war, which would arm the proletariat, or as a tailpiece to a Communist revolution in Central Europe. As against the Communist, the Fascist has all the trumps in his hand.'

In our June issue we quoted the Conservative London *Economist* in the same vein, 'Let us imagine at some distant date a really violent plunge by the electorate, comparable with that of 1931, but in the opposite direction, and let us suppose that a really Socialist government, placed not only in office but in power, were to proceed whole-heartedly on Maxtonian lines to an expropriation policy. Would the British bourgeoisie tolerate such a régime with patient submission? Might it not in the last resort have recourse to violence to protect its property even at the expense of suspending the Constitution?'

Hitler and Mussolini have given these questions a more ringing answer than they are ever likely to receive in England. Nevertheless, the virtual certainty remains that Fascism is on the cards for both England and France, German experience being almost conclusive in this connection. From 1920 to 1930 the strongest Socialist Party in Europe with the largest body of organized labor behind it moved from disaster to disaster, and neither this party nor the strongest Communist Party in Europe, which drew its strength from the failure of the Socialists, could prevent Germany from falling into the hands of even more reactionary interests than the Hohenzollerns. But whether or not the little clique of industrialists and Junkers who have financed the Nazi movement remain in control, the party they helped to create appears to be installed indefinitely. Even granting that Hitler had to resort to violence and corruption to win forty-two per cent of the popular vote last March and ninety-five per cent of the popular vote last November, Nazi domination of the entire state apparatus, of the trade unions, the press, the police, the storm troops, and finally of

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the Reichswehr guarantee the National-Socialist Party a long lease of life.

III

The issue in Germany during the next few years is not between the Nazis and some other party but between rival groups within the Nazi ranks, which now extend so far that they include almost every element in the country. A mass movement based primarily on the lower middle classes and financed by the chief property owners, who have used it to protect themselves from confiscation, has become the sole arbiter of German destiny. And the weight of the evidence presented in our previous essays indicates that this movement is headed for a revolutionary destination. Although a few dozen of the most popular writers in post-war Germany have been exiled, the thousands of readers who were attracted by their revolutionary tendencies remain.

As the most highly mechanized nation in Europe, Germany faces financial difficulties second only to those of the United States. Dr. Alfons Goldschmidt, former Dean of the Department of Economics in the University of Leipzig, has recently said, 'Let us take Germany's total debt burden as 120 billion marks as against 117 billion in 1913; that is domestic and foreign debt, both public and private. Let us assume, very optimistically, that the German economic machine is operating at fifty per cent of capacity, which makes the debt burden twice as heavy as before the War. The burden is actually 240 billion marks or approximately equal to the total German national wealth, according to pre-war estimates. Germany is completely impoverished under this debt burden.'

Recent American experience indicates that when a nation's debt equals its wealth, inflation becomes inevitable, and inflation in some form would, therefore, appear to be due in Germany in the near future. That this measure will decrease the power of the bankers and increase the discontent of the people seems well-nigh inevitable in a country where bitter memories of a recent inflation still linger.

The strength that the combined forces of Protestantism and Catholicism have displayed in resisting the Nazi dictatorship may yet prove that we underestimated the power of Germany's organized religions in 'Twilight of the Gods.' Nevertheless, I cling to my original contention that patriotic fervor will prevail over religious fervor and that the steady drift away from the churches of every denomination indicates a growth of revolutionary sentiment. As far as agriculture is concerned, mechanized farming can make relatively little headway in a country with so little arable land and the present policy of dividing up some of the big estates among independent peasants is likely to prove a stabilizing element. The declining birth rate, which has taken a slight turn for the better since Hitler came into power, also reduces the likelihood of domestic disorder.

But what most people fear from Germany to-day is not revolution but war. As the largest contributors to Hitler's campaign funds, the armament industries would raise no objections, nor would Hitler himself, provided his party could retain power in no other way. But it takes two to make a fight and Germany would require not only equipment but an

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opponent as well. An attack on Poland would at once lead to a French attack on Germany, which Germany is in no condition to meet. What seems far more likely is that the French and German industrialists will arrive at an understanding that will bring coal from the Ruhr and iron ore from Lorraine together. Since the War British heavy industry, working through the Foreign Office, has prevented France, Germany, Belgium, and Luxembourg from forming an effective continental steel cartel. And for an even longer period one of the cardinal aims of British diplomacy has been to prevent a United States of Europe and always to side with the weaker power in any important European conflict. But now that British power and ambition have declined while at the same time pacifism has gained ground, the prospects for Franco-German industrial collaboration have grown brighter. In short I find it hard to share the widespread conviction that another European war will occur within the next two years.

IV

Recent developments in France support this view. In 'Portents of Literature' I pointed out the significant transformation that came over the French novel in 1930 when the light, cosmopolitan fiction of Paul Morand, Maurice Bedel, and André Maurois suddenly gave way to the more solid treatment of purely French themes by Jules Romains, Jean Schlumberger, and Jacques de Lacretelle. Then, in the spring elections of 1932, the conservative parties that had been squandering money on military defense, colonial expansion, and loans to Eastern Europe lost control of the Chamber of Deputies to the pacifistic, anti-imperialist *Cartel des Gauches*. To-day with a hopelessly unbalanced budget, a flight from the franc, a rising wave of popular unrest, and a succession of ineffective cabinets, the stage appears to be set for a comparatively moderate Fascist dictatorship along the lines of our own New Deal. The financial problem, though difficult at the moment, should be capable of solution within the framework of orthodox finance, for seven Frenchmen in ten still live off the soil. In other words, the threat to the franc does not lie at home but in the colonial empire and in exaggerated preparations for European war. But the leftward trend of popular opinion suggests that neither the empire nor war is popular with the general public.

France shows few other symptoms of impending change. The Roman Catholic Church has lost ground steadily since 1870 and population has remained almost static since that time. The revolution in agriculture has not yet touched the individual French farmer, secure behind his impenetrable tariff barrier, and the topography and traditions of the country both make the adoption of mechanized farming unlikely in the extreme. Except perhaps for England no other Great Power shows fewer signs of the domestic tensions that lead to war or revolution.

What, then, are the prospects? In the course of an address delivered last June, Baron Edouard de Rothschild, chairman of the board of directors of the Chemins de Fer du Nord, gave this answer to the stockholders of that railway: 'It is wasting our time to try to go against the current which is

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flowing with such force in the direction of State Socialism, sweeping aside all reasoning. Railways as an institution are no longer in fashion. The state has become the infallible protector, the dispensator of all benefactions and of all favors. The principles of State Socialism have been able to expose themselves with all the more impunity in that they found the thread of Ariadne enabling them to find their way insidiously and without hindrance through all the domains of the national economy under the designation of "a managed economic system." And this is the scourge that is ravaging every country and will continue its evil effects on all sides until it has been proved a failure. It is carrying us on straight to the socialization of all the productive forces of our country.' Whether or not one agrees with the Baron's subjective opinions, his objective description remains impressive.

At this point the question may well arise—why, if France is moving toward State Socialism, should it also be moving in the direction of Fascism? Is not the purpose of Fascism to prevent Socialism from confiscating private property? The answer can be read in many pages of recent history—men and movements tend progressively to lose control of events as new and more efficient methods of producing goods come into use. When Baron de Rothschild confesses that 'it is wasting our time to try to go against the current' he does not refer to the political currents of Communism or Socialism, both of which have been wiped out in Germany, but to the revolutionary current set in motion by modern methods of production. That some of the Nazi leaders themselves comprehend this fact is shown by their attempts to legislate labor-saving machinery out of existence.

Furthermore, many of Mussolini's utterances and policies show that the originator of Fascism has taken steps which came under Baron de Rothschild's definition of Socialism. Surely in Italy, if anywhere, 'the state has become the infallible protector, the dispensator of all benefactions and favors.' In our November issue, the Duce approvingly quoted himself to this effect: 'For us Fascists, the state is not merely a guardian, preoccupied solely with the duty of assuring the personal safety of citizens. The state as conceived of and as created by Fascism is a spiritual and moral fact in itself.' And so on. More recently Mussolini has pronounced another of his funeral orations over the corpse of capitalism, which, he says, having passed from a dynamic to a static condition has now reached the last stages of decay.

Italian Fascism with its land-settlement schemes, its special aid to mothers, its compulsory arbitration of labor disputes, its curbing of wasteful competition has made far more headway in the direction of Socialism than the Social Democrats have in Germany. Indeed, the whole trend of Italian Fascism would seem to be directed toward complete social ownership and operation of the means of production but for one fatal flaw. Because the private financial and industrial interests that still exist in Italy require foreign markets, war has become an essential element in Fascist doctrine. Mussolini has stated his position on this subject quite frankly. 'It [Fascism] thus repudiates the doctrine of pacifism, born of a renunciation of the struggle as an act of

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cowardice in the face of sacrifice. War alone brings up to its highest tension all human energy and puts the stamp of nobility on the peoples who have the courage to meet it. Thus a doctrine that is founded on this evil doctrine of peace is harmful to Fascism.'

Do the numberless statements of this kind that pour out of Germany and Italy mean that war in Europe is inevitable? Eventually—yes; within the next two years—no. Bottled up in the Mediterranean by the French and British fleets and lacking the resources to maintain herself even in time of peace, Italy can declare war only by permission of stronger powers. As for Germany, at least five years and probably ten would be required to build up a powerful military machine. If domestic discontent forced either country to take up arms in the near future, the attempt would be crushed so rapidly and disastrously that revolution would at once ensue. Another possibility is that trouble may occur in the Balkans. The virtual certainty that Communism would then spread west of Russia might well lead to the attack of a united Europe that the Kremlin has always feared and that many powerful interests in France, Germany, and England have always demanded. And because the population of Eastern Europe will grow for at least a generation while the population of Western Europe will decline, the prospect of Communism in any Balkan state would be violently resisted by the capitalistic nations.

V

Before continuing our eastward progress into Russia, let us move for a moment to Spain, which is now in the throes of revolution. Undamaged by the War and gradually developing into a semi-industrialized and second-rate power, Spain retained until two and a half years ago all the institutions that were destroyed in France at the end of the eighteenth century. Unmistakable danger signals had appeared on every hand: I have already cited the 'Generation of '98,' which included nearly all the most influential writers of the present century and which was Republican to a man. Yet to-day, after a bare two years in office, the Republic that these men had demanded all their lives is voted out of existence and its former defenders are about to form a coalition with the Conservatives in order to suppress the Socialists and Anarchists. Here is Fascism in record time, nor is it difficult to foresee in Spain the same inevitable trend toward Socialism that has appeared in Italy. But Spain's isolation and comparative self-sufficiency make war as unlikely to-day as it was in 1914.

Exactly the opposite situation exists in Russia. The strength of the Communist Party and the popular exhaustion induced by war and revolution rule out the possibility of any domestic uprising. The dangers to Russia lie abroad. One of them—the possibility of European intervention—I have already referred to, but not much attention was devoted to the prospect because the immediate war danger comes from the East. In 'Population Portents' I concluded that the rapidly growing population of the Soviet Union was the most important population portent of our time. Nobody understands this fact better than the Japanese, who see not only the growing man power of Russia but the increased industrial production that

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makes that growth possible. Furthermore, Communism has captured inner Mongolia and the Chinese province of Kiangsi and is gaining ground in outer Mongolia and Fukien—a significant contrast with the progress the same movement has made in Europe. One may indeed doubt that Communism will finally sweep all Asia before it, or even all China, but the movement has developed increasing strength and in any case represents the complete antithesis of Japanese imperialism. At some future date radical governments in England and France might not offer much opposition to the spread of Communism in Asia, but capitalistic Japan can be counted upon to fight it in the East just as capitalistic Europe will fight it in the West.

For Japan has now reached the stage that Germany may presently arrive at and has had to resort to war in order to prevent revolution at home. Several leading Japanese writers are avowed Communists or Communist sympathizers. The currency has been devaluated sixty per cent and the entire burden placed on the backs of the working class in the form of higher prices and reduced wages. Rice is withheld from the market for fear that prices will fall, although Japan does not grow enough rice to feed her own people. An increasing population has no place to go, nothing to do. Elsewhere in this issue a Russian and a Japanese Communist throw valuable light on the country's internal condition, and a Tokyo dispatch to the *New York Times*, dated August 15, included this illuminating testimony given before a Japanese court martial by a young sublieutenant accused of organizing a mutiny: 'Our group is not organized. We regard ourselves as rocks thrown into the earth, upon which later foundations will be built. We see the Japanese people forced across the hunger line by the merciless pressure of capitalism. Revolutionary ideas are not limited to the Army and Navy but are found in farmers' and laborers' societies, the members of which await their opportunity. We seek to bring about a new government based on unity of the Emperor and the people. We will not stop at murder or robbery. Destruction is construction. The present system must be destroyed.'

Meanwhile Baron Tanaka's famous 'Memorial,' denounced as a fake when it was first made public, appears to have become the guidebook of the Japanese military staff in Manchuria. 'In the future if we want to control China,' so this document runs, 'we must first crush the United States just as in the past we had to fight in the Russo-Japanese war. In order to conquer the world, we must first conquer China. But in order to conquer China we must first conquer Manchuria and Mongolia.' Pure madness? Perhaps. But it is a form of madness to which many responsible circles in Japan have succumbed since they can see no other way of solving their domestic problem. Because a large middle class has already grown up in Japan, it seems probable that the recent history of Europe will be repeated and that members of this class will play an important rôle in creating a Fascist state, which, in turn, will become the prelude to Socialism.

Provided, of course, Baron Tanaka's plans do not continue to go through on schedule. For a war against either Russia, or the United States, or both could have but one outcome for

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Japan—defeat and violent revolution. Prince Karl Anton Rohan's complaint in our leading article that Moscow, Washington, and Tokyo have gone over the heads of Europe and are preparing to contest for the supremacy of the Pacific Ocean may unduly ignore the British Empire and South America, but the fact remains that no European nation would be likely to give much aid or comfort to Japan. And with the United States lending Russia tacit support at least in case of a second Russo-Japanese War, the Soviet Union need hardly fear the danger of simultaneous attack from east and west.

But only a disastrous war could prevent the continuation of Russia's collective farm experiment, which was described in 'The Revolution in Agriculture' as the Soviet Union's most important contribution to the reduction of human toil. With farm tractors, artificial fertilizers, new grains that resist cold, extensive arable lands, and a submissive peasantry, large-scale mechanized farming has better chances of success in Russia than in any other part of the world. But from what is now known concerning the country's natural resources, there is no prospect that the Russian standard of living can ever be raised to anything like the level that the United States might enjoy to-day.

The rapid increase of population that has occurred under Communist rule suggests that the average Russian citizen looks forward hopefully to the future possibilities of life that his own sparsely settled territories offer, and if we are to judge from the trend toward Socialism in Europe it seems likely that these hopes will be fulfilled, for a unique combination of circumstances has enabled Russia to create that form of society in which modern industry and mechanized farming can both function with maximum efficiency. The United States, on the one hand, possesses the resources, equipment, and personnel to double or triple the standard of living overnight, but is prevented by a vast network of vested interests and fixed ideas. Russia, on the other hand, has made a clean sweep of all the impediments to increased well-being that are blocking our own development, but lacks our equipment, personnel, and natural resources. Russian Communism has survived fifteen years of hardship; will it be able to survive the benefits that will gradually accrue during the next fifteen years? At this point even the most presumptuous prophet must abdicate.

Before returning to Japan mention should be made of two vast regions that contain nearly half the population of the world—China and India. Fully ninety per cent of the inhabitants of both countries remain completely untouched by the new industrial and agricultural processes that have brought about the present world-wide revolution, although modern industry has secured a foothold in several dozen Chinese and Indian cities, thereby creating a revolutionary middle class that demands independence. But this middle class is so small that it may meet the same fate that overtook the Russian bourgeoisie—indeed, one Chinese province has already fallen into the hands of Communists. What seems most likely is that Communism will capture some sections, especially in China, and that other regions, especially in India, will attain independence under middle-class rule. In

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other words the twentieth century is likely to witness the Balkanization of Asia.

It has already been suggested that war between Russia and Japan is by no means certain. The future of Japanese-American relations appears less hopeful. The Tanaka 'Memorial' explicitly names the United States as Japan's next enemy, and in 1931 General Honjo, commander of the Japanese forces in Manchuria, sent a memorandum to the Minister of War looking forward to the time when 'we would be in a position to drive the United States east of Hawaii and Great Britain west of Singapore and to hold supreme power in the Pacific without any difficulty.' Since these words were written, Japan has spent unprecedented sums on military and naval defense and is demanding naval equality with England and the United States.

Washington has accepted the challenge at face value. 'Thirty-seven Ships Ordered in Navy Program, Breaking Records' reads a headline in the *New York Times* of August 3, and the accompanying dispatch relates, 'Within a week after the President had allocated the $238,000,000 from the public works funds for naval building, the specifications were drawn and bids invited. Thirty days later bids were opened. Within a week of the opening of the bids, the awards were announced.' Although the President promptly kept his campaign promise to cut one billion dollars from the Federal budget, he was equally prompt in devoting almost a quarter of that sum from the emergency budget to preparations for naval warfare.

The weight of the evidence, therefore, leads me to conclude that the Pacific Ocean will be the scene of the next great war and that Japan and the United States will be the chief opponents. Both countries came out of the last conflict relatively unscathed; both have the necessary equipment for battle as well as plenty of grievances; but most important of all, both have suffered more social unrest during the depression than any other nation, with the possible exception of Germany. Japan's rapid industrialization, her slender national resources, and her increasing population make foreign expansion or domestic explosion inevitable. Civil wars in China make that outlet uncertain and England, having shut Japanese exports out of India, is now taking steps to keep them out of her own market. Japan, therefore, turns in despair to South America where American exports monopolize those countries that are not dominated by England.

VI

The attitude of the administration in Cuba and the withdrawal of part of the navy from the Pacific suggest that the United States might make some surprising concessions to avoid war. The executors of the New Deal have no illusions about the gravity of the domestic situation; the real question is whether anyone understands its nature.

The analysis that we have made of every Great Power leads to the conclusion that no country is undergoing so profound a revolution as our own. Our literature shows it, our financial crisis shows it, the drop in church attendance shows it, the farm revolt shows it, our declining birth rate

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shows it. And if we were a poor, overcrowded country like Japan, war would be the inevitable outcome.

But our economic self-sufficiency, our geographic isolation, and our unequaled productive capacity make revolution a real possibility. Furthermore, after making the rounds of all the chief world powers, I cannot but conclude that the United States must choose between war and revolution sooner than any other nation except Japan. The leftward drift of the New Deal, the resignations of Sprague, Acheson, Warburg, and Peek indicate that the Administration wants to move toward State Socialism. Will it move fast enough? The danger is that within the next three years we shall be occupying the same position in relation to Japan that we did to Germany in 1917, and that Mr. Roosevelt will be forced to go to war in much the same way that Mr. Wilson did, leaving his New Deal as incomplete as his predecessor's New Freedom.

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Persons and Personages

Life and Death of Horst Wessel

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zürich Liberal Daily

WHEN panegyric songs in honor of the heroic life and death of Horst Wessel, the hero of National-Socialist Germany, ring out, it is difficult for the uninitiated to distinguish between truth and legend. All the virtues that National Socialism claims for itself seem to have been incarnated in this young student who fell victim to a murderer's bullet in January, 1930. Monuments commemorating Horst Wessel are now rising everywhere. A district in Berlin bears his name, and his twenty-sixth birthday will presently be celebrated as if he were a saint. Was Horst Wessel, whom millions of his fellow-citizens to-day regard with reverence really a hero whose unexampled career should serve as a model to the whole nation? Opponents of the Third Reich not only deny him any heroism, they also brand him as a man of unusually despicable character, as one who did not hesitate to profit from the ill-gotten gains of a prostitute. It is therefore necessary to state quite openly that there is no evidence to substantiate this libel of the dead, but it must also be admitted that Horst Wessel's historic achievements do not explain his posthumous fame.

Horst Wessel belonged to a distinguished Berlin family of theologians. He had been through the same experiences that had made numberless other members of his generation in post-war Germany lose all illusions concerning the Weimar Republic and feel that they had been denied a chance. The path he had followed until he entered the *Sturm Abteilung* was marked by disillusionment, and it was disillusionment, as he himself frankly admitted, that drove him into the arms of National Socialism. It was the last attempt of a despairing man to escape imminent disaster. And, as things turned out, the young student, whose scholarly labors are touched on all too briefly by his biographer, finally found satisfaction in the crude impulses of the then weak National-Socialist party guard.

Here was a different tone from what he had been used to in the circles of his feudally bedecked fellow-students. Here there was no idle talk about waging an intellectual struggle against one's political enemies, the Communists. Here people had truncheons and revolvers in their pockets, and the troop that Horst Wessel led in its eternal little civil war had as little respect for the lives of others as for its own. Not all the elements with which he associated had spotless records. Some of them had recently

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come over from the Communists, others were underworld figures; but now that they followed him they looked upon him as a completely trustworthy fellow-fighter. Horst Wessel believed he had but one mission to perform when he forced his way into darkest Berlin, but he never thought that he would get entangled in this dark Berlin, and that this entanglement would prove his undoing.

There is one fact in Horst Wessel's life that cannot be concealed. His girl companion to the death was a Communist street-walker whom he had met in a notorious criminal dive in East Berlin, such as Döblin describes in his *Berlin Alexanderplatz*. Horst Wessel may have believed that it was his mission to save this girl from sin and make an enthusiastic National Socialist out of a convinced Communist. But it remains an unexplained mystery why Horst Wessel and his beloved took refuge with a woman of bad repute whose Communistic inclinations were not unknown to him and who finally put the murderer on his track.

For other murderers frequented the same milieu to which Horst Wessel's companion belonged. The man who shot him was a dangerous pimp who lived in the girl's neighborhood. It is, therefore, hardly surprising that before the police discovered the political background of this drama they were convinced that it was simply one of the usual underworld disputes over a woman between two men, one of whom was killed. That it was a political murder, and a very cowardly one besides, was not discovered until the trial. The entire apparatus of an underground Communist organization stood behind the murderer, and it did not help the Communist party, when it was finally cornered, to attempt to expel the murderer as an agent-provocateur.

But there were many political murders at that time and shots rang out in the street almost every night. Many a National Socialist who fell in open struggle might have become a hero just as well as Horst Wessel. The outsider, therefore, finds it hard to understand why National Socialism chose him as its hero. This fact can be explained only by understanding the spirit of a revolutionary movement that needed a popular hero. National Socialism, which has always understood and still understands how to play upon mass psychology, realized that the name of Horst Wessel would be popular not only in one social class but that it would arouse echoes in extensive circles. He was the son of a pastor who was on intimate terms with Hindenburg: the bourgeoisie would therefore recognize him as one of their own. He was a student: academic circles which National Socialism was especially eager to win over could not repudiate him. He had worked for a few weeks on a street railway: therefore he could also be identified with the laboring classes. Furthermore, he was not an ordinary Storm Trooper, but a leader who had written a song that was formerly one of the few National-Socialist battle songs and

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that has now become the common property of the German nation.

No doubt some future historian will proclaim that Horst Wessel was a good Storm Troop leader, a zealous National-Socialist worker, an enthusiastic young man with ideals and weaknesses. He was this at least, but hardly more. His one historic achievement was his death.

Presenting Max Reinhardt

By Benjamin Crémieux

Translated from *Je Suis Partout*, Paris Topical Conservative Weekly

It is seven in the evening, but Max Reinhardt has not yet left the stage of the theatre where he is producing the *Chauve-Souris*. The rehearsal has long been over, but he is still here, one foot on the boards, the other on a chair, facing his entire staff, assistants and stage managers, who go on taking notes.

In the face of this man whom the Germanic world has honored for more than twenty years—and rightly honored—as the greatest producer, I look for some trace of lassitude, some sign of discouragement or bitterness. But I see only a large face, a powerful chin, a sensual, wide-nostriled nose, two blue eyes that see straight, and a great air of optimism and serenity—the look of a man of action in full use of his powers. During the two hours I am to be with him I shall be watching for some sign of worry, of nervousness in this non-Aryan. But there is none of that here; on the contrary, absolute composure, thoughtful and moderate replies to my sometimes prying questions. In his face and in his gestures one looks for the Jew in vain, except, perhaps, for his nose, which is not aquiline but flat,—a type that is sometimes found in the ghettoes of Central Europe,—and his stocky figure with legs that are slightly short in proportion to the torso. But on the whole there is nothing strikingly Semitic about him, nothing German, either. Sometimes he calls to mind the face of Eugène Brieux, but in the structure of his face there is something firmer and more roughly hewn.

Reinhardt speaks, and all at once I perceive in his clear eyes that look of the visionary that has struck me before: Stanislavsky has it, and Pitoëv. I watch his hands: he makes neither wide gestures nor jerky movements, but those he does make extend through his fingers. The inner realities that he projects outside himself are modeled by a sculptor's hand. Decidedly, he would be more like a sculptor than anything else, if it were not for his voice, his eloquence, the modulation of his speech. Here the Viennese predominates. Reinhardt speaks the German of Austria, harmonious, fluid, caressing, tinged with the music of Mozart

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and with the Latin tradition. Reinhardt fondles the words that express the marvelous: *wunderbar* and *wundervoll* keep recurring, and he pronounces them as if he were sucking a candy. His one interest, the grand passion of his life, is to evoke the magic of a fictitious world, to be the Demiurge of our great collective dreams. But to this world of the theatre his aristocrat's mind brings precision, persistence, and a desire to succeed that would be an asset to a politician in Congress or a money-man in Wall Street.

'The theatre,' he tells me, 'suffers from a lack of great authors and a great public. Is it the fault of the times? No doubt. But it is also, and especially, due to the divorce that has occurred between the playwright and the actor. Playwrights have lost contact with the theatre. Whatever the literary value of their dramatic works may be, they were never conceived for the stage.

'You ask me to whom or to what I reacted when I began to build my stage technique. You are thinking of Antoine, reacting against convention in the name of reality, or of Copeau, reacting against realism in the name of style. As for me, I have always been an actor who saw the theatre theatrically.

'A play should be written not for an actor, but with a view to attaining its greatest intensity through the actor. There are many advantages in the author's knowing who is to play the parts he is composing. Shakespeare and Molière knew it. Both were in the most desirable position a writer can occupy: each was both an actor and a playwright. Molière was, no doubt, a great actor; Shakespeare, on the contrary, a rather mediocre one. But no matter—he knew the player's tools, and he knew how to use them.

'Take, on the other hand, the best playwrights of our time—Shaw or Pirandello, and before them Wedekind or Strindberg—they are not essentially men of the theatre. One wonders at times why the producer has become necessary and has come to hold so important a position. The producer became necessary because of the complete lack of playwrights who were also men of the theatre.

'Don't think that I approve the excesses of some producers, especially the deformed plays that now delight producers in Soviet Russia. I believe that the text of the play should not be tampered with: the text is sacred.

'I should have a hard time deciding whether I am a realist, a stylist, or a "fantasist." I have no determined system, no preconceived ideas; I want to be free to adventure in any direction. If a play pleases me, or fascinates me, I give it life within myself. I feel that it is impregnated with something greater than itself, a *Zeitgeist* that I long to express. If I find actors who are particularly suited to serve as interpreters, I go to

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work. This is the way I interpreted Goldoni, trying to reveal the importance of the *commedia dell' arte*.

'I have created both the *Kammerspiele*, the small intimate theatres that are real laboratories of dramatic art, and the *Festspiele*, which take place in the open air before the Salzburg Cathedral. This should show you that because my conception of a theatrical production excludes nothing, it may justly be called totalitarian.

'I am afraid that the era of the *Kammerspiele* has come to a close. Personally, I am sorry, but one should see things as they are. Public and private life to-day are much too dramatic for people to come to the theatre in search of dramatic emotions. Our time is marvelously dramatic, and thus we have no need for the vicarious life of the theatre: our period is itself a pageant. And then, when is one to find time to look for distraction in this speed-breaking era of ours?

'We have time for such things only during vacations. In the summer, at Salzburg, in that wonderful setting, a step away from the mountains and lakes, freed for a time of our political passions and daily worries, relaxed, in light summer clothing, the audiences of the *Festspiele* find themselves in a state of grace. They listen to *Faust* with gaping mouths, lending out their minds to the highest and the purest emotions. Talented people, people with critical minds who find it impossible to become merged in mass emotion have no place in the theatre.

'In the case of Germany it is certainly true that the occult philosophy and black pessimism of playwrights since Ibsen—Strindberg, Wedekind, the expressionists—have turned the public away from the theatre. Before the War people were so bourgeois, so smugly embedded in their placidity, that they had to be tickled, pounded, and furiously scratched. I remember presenting a Strindberg play in America, after it had been acted a thousand times in Germany. An American told me, "We are going to take up a collection for Germany: it is really an unfortunate country. We, in America, like to be amused, or to be shown pictures of human grandeur."

'As time goes on, I think, the theatre should be a celebration in which the people may find a joyful renewal of spirit. On the other hand, I hate all propaganda in the theatre. The state may gain, but art loses too much.

'I do not believe in the death of dramatic art, for it corresponds to an elemental need that it alone has the power to satisfy. It is possible, however, that certain forms of the bourgeois theatre will disappear, the *Kammerspiele* for instance, which I have loved so much.

'You ask me why, coming to work in Paris for the first time, I am producing a Viennese operetta, whereas at Florence and at Oxford last summer I staged Shakespeare. I am producing the *Chauve-Souris* be-

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cause I love this operetta and because it is bound to attain its fullest expression in Paris. It represents to me an ideal marriage between the flower of the French mind—of Meilhac—and the pollen of Austrian music. I should like to translate in this production of mine the spiritual witchcraft of the Viennese waltz.

'With the exception of Charlie Chaplin the motion pictures leave no mark upon us. Real theatre should always enrich us, deepen our natures, give us just one more reason for life or happiness. The world is hungry for a great dramatic author. To-day nationalism seems to be triumphing everywhere, but history is like the swinging of a pendulum. The great playwright of to-morrow will perhaps be the one who will present to the world an ideal of fraternity and peace.'

Ivan Bunin

By Marc Slonim

Translated from *1933*, Paris Topical Weekly

His smooth distinguished face, his piercing, slightly hard eyes, his thin, disdainful mouth, his clear, often penetrating voice, his elegant bearing make Ivan Bunin the personification of the great Russian nobleman. This man of medium stature, who gives the impression of being perfectly conscious of his own importance, possesses the lofty charm of an aristocrat who knows how to keep a distance between himself and the crowd. He is called the last nobleman of Russian literature, for both personality and art unite him with that constellation of nineteenth-century, Russian gentlemen-writers of whom his two masters, Turgeniev and Tolstoi, were the most notable.

Bunin's work preserves an aristocratic character and occupies an entirely special, almost isolated place in Russian literature. Russian writers have almost always aspired to become the political and moral leaders of their generation or even of humanity, and they too frequently assume the attitude of religious priests or doctrinal partisans. Bunin never wanted to be anything but an artist. When he made his first appearance at the end of the nineteenth century and at the beginning of the twentieth, Tolstoi was conducting his moralistic propaganda, Gorki was urging revolution, and Leonid Andreiev was attacking philosophical problems. Bunin did not imitate them. He did not propose to elevate man or to transform society. His task was more modest but no less arduous.

He wanted to depict the images of nature and life with perfect form, with the maximum of relief. During the forty years of his career, he has never moved from this path, and his poetry, his numerous short stories,

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and his two novels possess that profound unity of inspiration and rhythm that only great writers can imprint upon their work. An eminently sensuous writer, Bunin might have repeated Théophile Gautier's phrase, 'I am one of those for whom the external world exists.' The whirr of a bird's wings in flight, the smooth skin of a horse, so agreeable to the touch, the odor of summer grass in the steppes, the perfume of the glove that one's beloved has left in the room, the intonations of a woman's voice at twilight on the edge of the woods—all the poetry of these little details is evoked by Bunin with such a concrete sensuousness that one has the impression of touching and feeling the objects of which he speaks.

The best passages in his collections of short stories, 'The Chalice of Life,' 'Night,' 'The Rose of Jericho,' 'The Drama of Love,' 'The Tree of God,' are those devoted to representations of nature, which is always depicted with surprising precision and polish. To most prose writers, nature is merely a background against which their chief characters stand out in relief. To Bunin, on the other hand, with his pantheistic tendencies, man is but a tiny part of nature, a detail on the countryside possessing the same artistic value as a tree or a horse. His story 'The Dreams of Chang,' in which the life and death of a sailor are related as if by a dog, begins with this sentence, 'The man described here has no importance: does anyone who has lived or lives on this earth really deserve notice?'

Except in his two novels, *The Sacrament of Love* and *The Life of Arseniev*, which were both published quite recently, one searches vainly for 'heroes' in Bunin's work, and, although his characters are outlined with great physical and psychological clearness, they do not form a gallery of representative types such as one finds in the novels of Turgeniev and Dostoievski. A pitiless observer, Bunin describes with cruel realism the vain hesitations and extravagances of human beings towards whom he professes more disgust than pity. The beauty of nature, the explosions of love, which he calls 'sun-bursts,' the charm of art and the imagination never make him forget how fragile are our joys and how inane our efforts.

This Russian *Parnassien*, who cherishes purity of style and possesses an infallible sense of measure and composition, conceals a profound pessimism beneath the regular cadence of his phrases and the objective placidity of his miniatures. He constantly thinks of the darkness that will engulf us all, and this vision of death often sums up his whole philosophy. Like Leconte de Lisle, with whom he has much in common, he humbly celebrates the 'immobile, humble sea, shrouded in silence and shade,' and he repeats that 'night absolutely effaces time, distance, and numbers.'

Whether he is following in the footsteps of Chateaubriand through Egypt and the Holy Land, whether he is visiting Greece, whether he is

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regaining his family estate in the Orel province, or whether he is going into exile after the Russian Revolution, seeking refuge in Paris, he always preserves that feeling of the Infinite Nil that he has expressed so well in *A Gentleman from San Francisco*, which some people consider his best book. It describes the sudden death of a rich citizen of San Francisco, who has traveled to Europe by steamer and will return to America a dead man. The seething life on board the steamer, where all the miracles of modern technique come true, seems very artificial and vain compared with the suffering and destruction that pursue their implacable course in a de luxe cabin, and the pages that reveal this contradiction constitute perhaps the most violent attack ever written against 'civilization without soul.'

Bunin is too well aware that everything is 'vanity and corruption of the spirit' not to be peculiarly sensitive to the numerous temptations of nature, pleasure, and illusion. And, although most of his love stories end tragically,—'The Elaghine Affair' and 'The Sacrament of Love' for instance,—he likes to describe not only the devastating force of passion but also the first stirrings of the heart and the magic of love that transforms the world. These visions possess no sentimentality. His classic, limpid, vigorous style achieves a reserve that often seems cold. He himself says in one of his poems, 'On the peak of a snow-crowned mountain I engraved a sonnet with my lamp of steel.'

The uncontested master of the Russian language, all of whose fine points he knows marvelously, he combines popular expressions with the most elaborate literary research and knows how to give his sentences such a musical, captivating movement that no translation can render them into a foreign language. And this is undoubtedly one of the greatest merits of his work. Perhaps one does not find in these novels or stories of Bunin that anxiety and anguish that we in the Occident tend to consider an essential feature of Russian literature. But we discover a sure, sublime art, a rare intuition of nature, a revealing realism in the representation of human beings, and great æsthetic subtlety. To achieve this artistic perfection a century of literary culture was necessary, and Bunin's work provides a kind of résumé of this whole period. Thus the Stockholm Commission that gave him the Nobel Prize crowns not only a great writer but also a whole period in Russian literature that has perhaps reached its end.

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Here are first-hand reports from widely separated regions—Argentina, Spain, and Scandinavia. Each possesses a flavor and humor entirely its own.

Zones *of* CONTRAST

A Travel Trilogy

I. The Man from Buenos Aires

By Raúl Scalabrini Ortiz

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt Nazi Daily

[*The book from which we reproduce the following passages is one of the most powerful self-revelations that has come out of modern South America. It appears under this curious title*, The Man Who Is Alone and Hopes (El Hombre que esta solo y espera), *and it describes the modern Argentine known as the* 'Porteño,' *the inhabitant of the city of Buenos Aires, which, more than any other capital, is the pivot and crown of an enormous hinterland. This book is neither a novel nor a dry piece of historical research. Rather is it a dreamy lyric, amounting almost to a hymn of self-revelation born of the most profound artistic impulse, a desire to capture and express in words the dark powers inside Argentina. It is written not with the balanced elegance of the intellectual but with the eager impulse of the poet who reproduces the daily life of his city and his people in a thousand scenes that he himself has experienced in a thousand different ways on the city streets. This book is so very much what a critic has called a 'Bible of Buenos Aires' that it is already almost like an anonymous work, and the name of its author, the young journalist, Raúl Scalabrini Ortiz, has almost no significance.*

The charm of the book to the European reader lies not only in the fact that it provides insight into a strange new world but in the fact that it lets him see the people and race, the landscape and

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humanity, the city and country, the individual and community in a perspective that is all the more flat and relentless because it possesses so little historical depth, because various forces clearly emerge that are kept in the background in older countries. The Argentine people is a young people that is held together not by its past but by its future. Like a visitor from a foreign land who is detached from his own historical associations, like a son without a father who is making a new home for himself with his own strength, so the Porteño, the Buenos Aires man, is to-day primarily an individualist. A collection of individuals, the Argentine state is gradually being organized around the magic forces of the land. A few steps in this development and a few of the tensions involved are described in the following passages.—EDITOR OF THE '*Frankfurter Zeitung.*']

A TERRIBLE metaphysical tragedy hangs over the foreigner who immigrates to the Argentine. The European who lives in Europe is always beside himself worrying over the insecurity of his material life. The tiny parcel of land that he possesses must be made as productive as possible at all costs. The need for food absorbs all his energies. The struggle against nature is severe and endless. Merely to keep alive, he must work himself to exhaustion. He must manure the soil, guard against hailstorms and floods, fight epidemics, watch over his flocks, drive his cattle to pasture, and tend them when they are sick. The European farmer has no time for reflection. Time is merely one more implement of labor. These limitations make the European laborious and solid. Moreover, the European countryside possesses charm. It is dotted with hills, mountains, forests, and rivers. It never fails to quicken the senses, to stimulate the spirit.

The European city dweller also bears, though in different form, the marks of the land he inhabits. The outlying countryside modifies him this way or that. Nothing that flows into the city is lost. Everything is turned to the highest material advantage. Anyone who has an idea cultivates it, cares for it, and reaps an amazing harvest. There are hollow-headed literati who become important through their technical skill and thinkers who maintain a voluminous output by extracting ideas from forgotten books. But within his limitations the European is almost happy. The exigencies of labor protect him from thinking of how he uses what little time he has; indeed, he has no time to know how transitory he is. He is a laborer who works as if he were eternally free from the oppressive sensation of mortality.

Here in the Argentine the struggle is not with physical nature but with spiritual nature. Here the earth is too rich, too willing to produce. It is a land that is waiting to bring forth fruit. Labor breathes easily here. It is not bowed but is full of hopes that come true as soon as one bends one's back. Moreover, the earth intimidates the senses, it lays sensitiveness low. It is an earth that remains invisible even to the physical beings that work upon it. It is an almost inhuman, godless, flat earth that turns its rounded belly upward beneath the vast sky. One cannot take in the countryside. It is incomprehensible, unreal; one can neither see nor hear it. Quiet and motionless, it is a countryside without birds or beasts.

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Man confronts this calm overabundance of material wealth, incapable of comprehending the ideas and emotions that fill the air like deadly poison. Everything seems futile, unnecessary, unimportant. 'Everything passes,' says the plain. 'Everything passes,' says the new moon that waxes and wanes within a month. Faced with the amazing indifference of the cosmos, man asks himself, 'Why, since you must die in any case, why slave away, since it is your destiny to work until you die?' The pampa beats man down. The pampa promises no fantasy. The pampa does not endow a man with the power of imagination. The spirit glides over its smooth surface and flies away. Over everything looms the destiny of time.

The sons of this plain are lazy, silent, easy-going, proud men. 'They have less needs and yearnings than any race that I have ever seen. The life of this people is simple but not raw. There is no nobler symbol of independence than a gaucho on his horse.' These words were written by an impartial observer, Samuel Haigh, who studied us in 1820. But what fear, what temptation, what uncertainty may bow down a man who is always learning from nature that he moves toward death! What madness can lead him astray, what charm can captivate him, what adversity can overwhelm him, what ambition can drive him on, if he bears within himself completely and utterly his own life and death!

II

The European farm laborer enters the pampa with fascination. The reality of its fertile expanses far exceeds his wildest dreams. He works the soil, divides it up, plows it, delighted with the prospect of the rich harvest that will reward his pains. For a time the pampa flourished, brought to life by the passionate strength of the European. Tireless activity seemed to be transforming its surly appearance. On every *rancho* there was a bottle of wine, a man who sang, and an accordion. But gradually the earth came into its own. It lulled the unexpected noises. It leveled the excrescences of physical well-being. Again it enforced its despotic rule of silence and peace; it reverted to its original condition of perplexity and even ecstasy. Man who had worked the soil finally found that the rôles were reversed.

The continuity of blood was broken by the irresistible magic of this earthly metaphysics. The son of the settler laughs scornfully when he remembers what his father worked for. After the pampa had been subjected to the activities of the immigrants it still remained what it always had been, and human beings have now become part of its eternal spirit. A few ties remain, a few superficial attempts to establish contact, a couple of songs that cannot die as long as men drink together, a couple of orchards, which are in such sad repair that they attract and hold one's eyes. There is an occasional flat road along which one can rattle in a Ford to the next settlement, which has already developed into a village or town. A few buildings have been changed, a few customs unsuited to the country have disappeared, but neither the outline of the settlements nor the web of telegraph wires has made the sky smaller, or broken the infinite horizon, or silenced the relentless voices of the spirit. Days pass from sunrise to sunset and make time

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so discouragingly evident that every evening sorrowfully says, 'I shall never return again and this is one day less for you.' And men keep asking themselves, 'Why? Why slave away, since it is your destiny to work until death comes?' The invisible present has infused them with the sensation of time and its passing. Man sips his tea in silence and watches the day go down.

III

Two forces, applied to a single point but moving in different directions, maintain the country's well-being. One is the earth and everything that belongs to it and symbolizes it. The other is foreign capital, which has improved the land and made it fruitful.

Before the European arrived, the pampa, which is now so overflowing with wealth, was a barren desert with a scanty flora and a miserable fauna. The vegetable life consisted of stunted bushes, thistles, gladioli, and reeds. The fauna consisted of a few wild cattle, a few nandus, and thousands of moles and guinea pigs. Foreign fertilizer made the land fruitful, populated it with men and beasts, sowed it with wheat and villages, built railway lines across it, and gave it the nervous system of telegraph wires that spans its horizon. Flooded districts were drained, harbors, elevators, grain and leather warehouses, refrigerating plants, salt-meat storehouses, and plants for processing raw materials were built. Export trade was organized. Foreign capital made the land larger, stronger, gave it substance, but could not affect the strivings of its spirit. The spirit of the earth remains uninjured. Thanks to this spirit, the country was not made into a vast foreign grain factory without a soul or any unity and with no other function than to feed Europe.

The Argentine Republic has now become an immeasurable modern *estancia*, top-heavy like all estancias, with Buenos Aires at its summit. Here, in this sumptuous farming centre that is hardly a stone's throw from the pampa, accounts are balanced, the produce of the country is delivered, machines are made, and harvests and herds are exchanged. But beneath the cosmopolitan activity of the busy city, Buenos Aires has retained its own spirit untouched. It has remained true to the open country, whose thoughts and emotions it embraces, during all the transformations through which it has sought for its own reality and for sufficient strength to retain its own character and its own essence without fear.

Foreign capital also has a claim on our good will, and if the man from Buenos Aires does not bow down in the dust before it, he is not without a certain prudent gratitude. But land and capital confront one another as two hostile beings, and, however fruitful capital may be, it is a power of complete lack of trustworthiness that should always be watched. The Porteño never relaxes his keen attention; with his native instinct he follows all its manœuvres. Although he understands nothing about finance, he instinctively understands that capital is an international power that refuses to be nationalized. He realizes that if it is to the advantage of capital to sacrifice the country, it will do so unscrupulously. The Porteño has prevented capital from infecting the machinery of state and has reminded members of the government who have favored its

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aims that their real profession lies elsewhere.

The Porteño possesses a political instinct of remarkable sharpness. He never deceives himself, and he makes up his own mind how to vote. If a politician enters into relations with foreign capital, if he takes charge of a foreign enterprise or represents a foreign undertaking, if he lets himself be made use of as a lawyer or uses his influence to aid foreign business, the Argentine quickly turns against him. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to deceive the instinct of the Porteño. The politician has only himself to thank for his fall if he affronts the public.

The Argentine man does not bargain for the fame that representing the public brings with it. Although he believes that no personal profit or privilege should be derived from public office, the politician can enrich himself as much as he pleases without suffering for it, provided he does not violate the spirit of the earth. Subconsciously, the crowd knows that the earth is the essential element in the Argentine and that man merely crawls on its surface. That is why the citizen of Buenos Aires, who puts up with all kinds of betrayals, judges political treason relentlessly.

His eyes are so wide open that, no matter how fond he is of his representatives in office, he will punish them ruthlessly if they show any tendency to treat foreign capital on a level of equality. The Porteño remains indifferent to the enthusiasm of intellectuals and journalists, he does not feel in the least exasperated by their arrogance, but he never forgives the arrogant politician. He will be mistrustful of anyone who talks a great deal in the first person. He hates the words 'I' and 'mine.' The infinite pompousness into which members of the government occasionally slip robs them of all conception of responsibility.

Pride is unscrupulous. Anyone who is subject to it believes that he is capable of anything. He forgets that he is a representative of the people and may betray them. The result is that the people in their foresight remove him from their list of favorites without holding anything against him personally. The Porteño will not pass judgment on individuals. He likes or dislikes deeds, not the doer.

Therefore, it is never considered dishonorable to take orders from foreign capital if the man who does so is concerned only with his own work, his own intelligence, his own reward. Nor are foreigners unpopular who can defend themselves behind their capital. An Englishman, a North American, a Frenchman, or a German who is the director of a bank, the president or director of a refrigerating plant, electric company, or railway will meet with the greatest hospitality and will be well received by the people. The efforts of such men to secure higher financial profit do not arouse any antipathy in the Porteño. Rather do they cause amusement and make for popularity.

The Buenos Aires man has contempt for the faithlessness of those who, representing his possessions and his spirit, pretend to speak for him but actually betray him. What he will not tolerate is to have the control of the government slip into foreign hands. Contempt for such lack of faith can be read on the countenance of the Buenos Aires man, of the man who

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stands alone at his advance post like a shield-bearer, watching over his spirit and the spirit of his earth, the earth of which he himself is but an anecdote, a face, a gesture, a voice, an expression trying to take concrete form. The Buenos Aires man does not seek wealth but contact with the earth and with the men who watch over the spirit of this earth.

II. Spanish Interlude

By Julio Camba

Translated from *El Sol*, Spanish Republican Daily

THE provisional government of the Republic had no sooner seized power than it began to suspend newspapers with large circulations. At the time that the Republic was proclaimed I was in New York as correspondent for the newspaper, *A B C*, and I decided to return to Spain. On landing, it is true, when every one was asked to declare the purpose of his journey, I wrote 'solicitation of a high post,' a statement which, for one reason or another, won me the most cordial welcome on the part of the port authorities. I must confess that up to now I have solicited nothing; but in those days a returning Spaniard who had no intention of asking for something would have been suspect, and I do not like to create complications for myself when I am traveling.

Anyway, two months after the Republic was proclaimed I found myself in Villagarcía de Arosa, waiting for the train to Vigo. I don't remember the exact time that the train was due in the station, but ten minutes had passed and it had not arrived. Presently we heard a noise.

'The train, the train,' said the people. 'Here it comes.'

The noise, however, seemed to proceed from something human rather than mechanical. It sounded like coughs, groans, and blowing of the nose, exactly as if some individual, probably asthmatic, were wheezing at our heels.

'The train. Here it is,' people continued to say.

And, in fact, it was the train, but it had not yet arrived. A little hill lay between the train and the station, and the engine was not powerful enough to climb it. Twenty minutes had now passed since the scheduled time of arrival. The train puffed, moaned, and sighed, while the impatience of the crowd began to change into something like pity. Every one has heard of the tenderness of the Gallegan soul. On seeing the desperate efforts made by the little old engine, a townswoman standing beside me exclaimed, 'Poor little thing.' Infected by the atmosphere, even I, who had just come from New York, began to feel remorse for having brought so much luggage.

Finally, with a supreme effort, the train succeeded in conquering the hill and soon appeared at the platform, where some solicitous fellows gave it water to drink while others rubbed it down and wiped off its dust and soot.

At this point we enter an abstract plane, for no sooner had the train arrived than a man not far from me exclaimed loudly, 'But have you ever

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seen such a scandal? How can the authorities tolerate such an engine?'

'You're right,' another gentleman replied. 'That engine is good for nothing but roasting peanuts.'

'No. I am not speaking of the engine, exactly,' replied the gentleman with the loud voice. 'The engine does n't matter. What I consider intolerable is that it should have the name it bears. Don't you see the plate, "Alfonso XIII"? We've had the Republic for two months and they have n't changed its name yet. It's a real outrage.'

Here I entered my car and heard no more. But until we reached Vigo—and the train took the task of transporting us very calmly—I thought of the strange attitude of that man, a good Republican in appearance, who felt no desire to replace the vile engines of our trains with better ones but wished at any cost to rename them. He had doubtless voted in favor of the new régime and was completely satisfied if this simply meant changing the names of things. But if the things themselves were no different, what kind of change could be effected?

Later in Madrid I met thousands of Republicans with the same mentality, and the gentleman of Villagarcía began to lose interest for me. Signboards that used to read 'Calle de Alfonso XIII' had been changed by these Republicans to 'Calle de Alcalá Zamora.' Where it said 'Plaza de Bilbao,' they wrote 'Plaza de Ruiz Zorilla.' No hotel remained with a monarchical name, although no attempt was made to improve the food or accommodations. The theatre of the Princess became something else, as did that of the Infanta Isabel, but the silly things produced in both of them interested nobody. The 'Real Cinema' became 'Cine de la Opera,' and if the Royalty Theatre continues to be the Royalty it must be because no one has discovered the Spanish meaning of the English word.

Yes. It seemed incredible, but I was forced to realize that hosts of Republicans who during the Monarchy believed they favored a change of régime never really wanted more than a change in the régime's name.

II

We are told that, during the World War, an Italian captain wished to launch his men into an attack and became so eloquent in speech, so finished in gesture, posture, and utterance, that the soldiers finally broke into a noisy ovation. But believing they were witnessing a presentation of Verdi or Puccini, they remained just where they were.

'*Avanti, avanti*,' cried the captain, trying to stir the men from their immobility.

And more and more enthusiastically, although more and more determined not to lift a nose above the trenches, the soldiers repeated their ovation, exclaiming in chorus, 'Bravo, captain!'

The same thing occurred in the Cortes when some deputies tried to influence the march of events with reasons and arguments. They were listened to with great appreciation and applauded with frenzy, but when it came to voting were left out in the cold.

'Bravo, captain,' they said to Ortega.

'Bravissimo, colonel,' they cried to Unamuno.

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'Stupendous, general,' they shouted to Sánchez Román.

But when the matter came to a vote the Cortes voted with Baeza Medina, with Remigio Cabello, or with Laureano Paratcha.

Votes were traded by a procedure similar to that used in Vigo to trade bass and mackerel. A gentleman arrived there with so many baskets of votes, and the buyers began to bid. 'What will you take for the lot? Let's see. Religious freedom?'

'For goodness sake! Religious freedom is worth nothing at all. If we had a religion to free perhaps we could come to an agreement, but we have n't any. Give me women's suffrage and we'll call it a deal.'

'No, no. Women's suffrage does n't suit me because women hate us. I'll give you the secularization of the cemeteries. How's that?'

And so some things were exchanged for others—the secularization of cemeteries for the law of farm rents, or the law of municipal terminals for the expulsion of religious orders—in a trading like that of a fish market or cattle exchange. Little by little, the few deputies who came to the deliberating assembly for the purpose of deliberating were convinced of the futility of all effort, and in two months there was not a dive, gambling den, or house of ill fame where the language used could be compared to that of the Cortes. On the contrary, if anyone used an ugly word in some place of ill repute the others called him to order, saying, 'Be a little more careful. This is n't the Cortes.'

Beginning with foul epithets and violent names, some deputies, in a rapture of inspiration, passed on to imitations of cats, dogs, or frogs.

'The Spanish tradition, eh? Miow . . .' said a Radical Socialist.

'Bow-wow,' barked another deputy.

And three or four others would contribute, 'Rrrrrrrrrrr . . .'

The poor man whom they were trying to annihilate by these methods would stand his ground as best he could and it was not unusual for another deputy to walk up to him and present him with this compliment, 'Your honor is a cad.'

Not 'You are a cad,' nor 'Thou art a cad,' but 'Your honor is a cad,' which, in these circumstances, was the equivalent of saying, 'Your caddishness is a perfect gentleman.'

I had almost forgotten one of the most famous sessions of the constitutional Cortes, the historic session in which the ex-King Don Alfonso was accused, defended, judged, and condemned with the greatest solemnity. And I say historic, not because its celebration had the slightest influence upon the course of our history, but because, when it was organized, there was not really any other purpose than to make it historic, and because this adjective was used profusely when it was announced. The deputies believed that an historic session can be put on any old time, like an historic pageant, and that historic sessions of the Cortes have come to be, in relation to other sessions, something like Goya bullfights compared to the usual ones.

Absurd as it may seem, it is well to remember that Royalist and not Republican enthusiasm brought the Republic to Spain. According to Republican theory, kings are most evil when they govern best, since the evil resides in the system. But the Republic did not come to Spain by virtue of this

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theory. It came because the King did not fulfill his obligations, nor exercise his rights as king, because he was a bad king, and because he had abandoned his royal prerogatives to the first dictator that came along.

Though accused, moreover, of evil crimes, corrupt negotiations, and vulgar misdemeanors, he was allowed to leave Spain as if there had never been the slightest charge against him and as if it were wholly a question of experimenting with a new political system which, theoretically, and in accordance with several blackboard demonstrations, seemed preferable to the old one.

'Have you forgotten anything, Your ex-Majesty?' someone seemed to say to Don Alfonso as he packed his bag. 'What about these stocks? Remember, Your ex-Majesty, life abroad is very expensive.'

The logical thing to do would have been to take the ex-King to the police court and put him in jail until the case was tried. But this might have led to complications and the provisional government had enough on its hands with appointments to high posts and changing the names of streets.

'Never mind, never mind. Let him go at once, and take care that nothing happens to him. He must be escorted so that no one will steal any of his keepsakes.'

Evidently, it was the best thing to do. We gave the impression abroad that we were well-bred young men who did not want to eat raw meat or play at the French Revolution, but only wished to regulate their lives a little. Our stock exchange held up well. The great powers, one after another, recognized the Spanish government. It was the best thing to do. But, if we did not wish to try the ex-King when we had him at hand and could inflict the penalties due him, why should we try him afterwards when we could inflict no punishment whatsoever?

The session was held at night, like comic bullfights, and on that night I believe no theatre in Madrid covered its expenses. Everybody had secured passes to the Cortes, where the best comedy was being presented. The galleries, including that of the press, were well filled. Many Republican ladies, some of them very good-looking, were fascinated by the rumor that the session would bring forth all the palace gossip. And, naturally, the ex-King was torn to bits, although only imaginary bits. He was torn to bits in the Cortes, but he continued to reside with all his court at Fontainebleau. He was outlawed and perhaps even on the point of being executed, but only morally.

It is not in vain, gentlemen, that Spain is a country renowned for its capacity of imagination.

III. Oslo and Stockholm

By Graham Greene

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

AT OSLO the editor played yo-yo, in evening dress, over Bjornson's grave: it was nearly midday; and the learned professor was too drunk to compose a speech, the one he had prepared having been stolen; and the

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King was there and members of the Government, honoring Bjornson's memory. (At Stratford the margarine in the dairies is modeled into Shakespeare's bust, the girls in Elizabethan dress sell rosemary at a high price for remembrance, and all the ambassadors take off top hats and unfurl their countries' flags.)

A little patch of careless culture at the edge of the sea and of the forest: on the table Eliot's poems, and, a few miles behind, a clearing in the forest where all the bears in Norway pass once a year, migrating. At dinner the champion quarter-mile runner talked of the influence of *Anna Livia Plurabelle* on his prose style, and nobody dreamed of going home till four, and the level of the great wine cask in the cellar sank. The soldiers before the palace sat on the grass all day and smoked; all down Karl Johannes Gatan, the only fine street in Oslo, strolled the politicians and the typists and the authors, but the demimonde was away on holiday up country. A balloon bobbed in the air at the end of the street; and a band played above the harbor; and all down the fiord brown children seesawed up and down in boats and swam and dived. The little river steamer crept down the fiord, waited five minutes at every quay, and at every quay the captain took up a rod and fished for five minutes.

The business man nodded and drank and talked of Faulkner and Hemingway. Once, not far from Oslo, after an accident, he had dragged the girl he loved for hours at night over the snow on a stretcher formed of skis and found when he reached a house that she was dead. So in the background of literary gossip, wildness and death; just as passed the bathing in the fiord, the four days' continuous drinking at the university gaudy, defiles the long depression of the autumn, beginning in October with the first cold spatter of rain, the season when all the books are published, when the stoves are lit, and the windows shut, and darkness overtakes luncheon, and no one stirs outside, and it is hard to look forward to the real winter, the midnight toboggan parties and the lamps lit all down the mountain side between the pines. It is the October of Edvard Munck's 'Autumn,' hanging in the National Gallery: two pigtailed schoolgirls on a veranda in shapeless coats, staring out at the richness and the decay of the fields, in the slope of their shoulders a sickening boredom, not the will to endure, but the knowledge that, will it or no, they have to endure. All through the autumn the whiskered, frock-coated statues of Ibsen and Bjornson outside the National Theatre remain undecorated by revelers; Ibsen with whiskers sunk on the waistcoat, Bjornson hands behind back, one foot forward, spectacled face thrust out, gray as old ice.

II

But in Stockholm the moon glinted on the sentry's bayonet parading on the palace terrace; and at midday a beating of drums and flashing of swords and prancing of chargers as the royal guard changed. Our little country, our little country, the Swedish lawyer and the Swedish publisher kept repeating with sentimental humility and a deep-hidden arrogance. (In Oslo they said, our small country, our small country, meaning the latest census result, the extent of the herring fisheries.)

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In his formal house, where every piece of furniture was like a child in a charity school, well-scrubbed, in place, at attention, the Swedish pacifist supported war between races. He grew excited at the thought of Russia, spoke of the glory of a war of extermination: poison gas, germs, aërial bombardment, savoring the words; after the *Schnapps* and the beer and the wine (*Skoal,* with the glass held at the fourth button of the waistcoat, while the charity children stood stiffly around) and the glasses of punch and three whiskies and sodas, he became vehement about women, ears back, eyes popping.

The publisher with the military carriage and the bristling red moustache said, 'If the Socialists really came to power, I should be the first to take up arms . . . I do not, of course, believe in God, but if our Church was threatened, I should be the first.'

He also said, 'We have n't any need of Socialism here. I will show you how the workmen live. Poor, but so clean, so contented.' He thrust his way into strangers' cottages, leant in at their windows, opened their doors, displayed their bare rooms. The young man out of work with the fine starved features played an accordion for us, as we stood in the one room he shared with his mother. 'You see,' Red Moustache said, speaking through the music, 'he has been unemployed for three years, the State gives them just enough to live on, but it is all so clean, they are so contented.' He threw a krona on the table, and the young man played on, paying no attention. He rapped the krona on the table, and the young man nodded and went on playing and paid him no attention.

That could not happen here, they said in Oslo, Red Moustache would have been half killed. But the Swedes are like that. Have another drink.

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Ten years ago M. Saurat visited Gourdyev's school of wisdom at Fontainebleau under the auspices of Mr. A. R. Orage who is now best known for his advocacy of the Social Credit theory.

A VISIT *to* Gourdyev

By DENIS SAURAT

Translated from the *Nouvelle Revue Française* Paris Literary Monthly

SATURDAY morning, February, 1923. The Fontainebleau station. Orage comes to meet me when I arrive by train from Paris. Orage is a big Yorkshireman of vague French descent: hence his name. For fifteen years he had been a power in English literary circles. He owned a half-literary, half-political weekly review, the *New Age*, which was the most lively intellectual organ in England between 1910 and 1914.

Orage might have been the greatest critic in English literature, which has produced few critics, and which is dying of that lack, though it revives every time a writer of genius emerges and joins a great tradition. But Orage sold the *New Age* and went to Fontainebleau: literature interested him no more.

I am surprised at his appearance. When I knew him he was almost fat, carrying a weight of some two hundred pounds on a large, bony frame. But the Orage who meets me is thin, almost haggard, with an anxious face. He seems even bigger, and his movements are rapid and stronger. He is in better health but looks unhappy.

Orage is the disciple of Gourdyev, who has established in the Priory a kind of phalanstery, 'something in the nature of the Pythagorean societies,' as Orage vaguely announces, 'but much more severe.'

Severe is the right word. In answer to my questions about his health and transformation, Orage replies by describing his life. Going to bed at midnight or one o'clock, he rises at four and goes to work. It is a hard piece of excavation in the Priory park, where there is digging and building going on. Quick meals occur, lasting but a short time. Occasionally, every-

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one assembles in front of the Master for group gymnastic exercises, then back to the trenches again, digging or heaping up earth. 'Often Gourdyev makes us spend a whole day digging an enormous ditch in the park, and then he has us spend the next day filling it up again and putting back into the ditch the earth that had been dug up the day before.' Vainly I ask why. Orage does not know. What is Gourdyev? Orage does not know that either.

Two years previously people in London began talking about a certain Ouspenski. This Russian was working on a *Tertium Organum;* in other words, he recognized only two predecessors, Francis Bacon and Aristotle.

Human nature was about to move in a new direction. Ouspenski had formed a group of pupils over whom he ruled in an absolute fashion. Gradually, Ouspenski let it be known that he was merely the forerunner of some great man. From Russia or from farther East, Gourdyev was destined to come. Meanwhile, Ouspenski taught, preparing the way for him. He had even invented a new method of instruction. The doctrine was too high to be taught: the disciples would have understood but little of a direct explanation. Therefore the disciple did the talking. He asked a question and explained it. For instance, 'Is the soul immortal?' Then, depending on the quality of explanation, the Master would reply, giving as much truth as the disciple could absorb.

This had been going on for several months when Gourdyev arrived in London. Now Gourdyev did not know English, French, or German. He gave his orders, for his only words were orders, in Russian, and some members of his *entourage* translated them. Gourdyev was said to be fabulously rich. He seemed to have access to some inexhaustible supply of the world's gold. He wanted to found a great university of occultism and to reveal, not to the world, which he despised, but to chosen disciples, the Sole Doctrine. Here politics intervened. Lloyd George was coquetting with the Soviets. Gourdyev and his supporters, though not White Russians, were opposed to the Soviets. Furthermore, the English authorities, supposedly at the request of Moscow, had refused Gourdyev permission to remain in the country. But since Lloyd George had refused, Poincaré acceded. And Poincaré, hoping to encompass the ruin of the Soviets, gave the necessary permission to Gourdyev, who then bought a place known as the Priory in Fontainebleau, including a castle and park, and went there to establish the school of ultimate wisdom.

But who would be admitted to the ranks of Gourdyev's disciples? Several hundred Londoners had been taken over from Ouspenski's groups, and one day Gourdyev sat down at the end of a room and had the men and women who aspired to immortality walk slowly past him, for it was said that only the elect could possess an immortal soul. The elect included Orage and Katherine Mansfield. Gourdyev did not speak: he did not know English. But his eyes discerned the possibilities of immortal souls, and at his orders those that were to go to Fontainebleau were selected from the procession. Almost all these people had money but Gourdyev would sometimes choose a poor man.

Orage told me these things as he led me to the Priory. Katherine Mans-

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field had died a few weeks ago. I came to see what Orage was doing because his letters made me anxious. It was he who had decided Katherine Mansfield to come here, and he had been almost promised that she would be cured. He was going to show me where Katherine Mansfield had spent her last days. It was an extraordinary place.

He was positive that Gourdyev possessed supernatural powers. At Moscow or Petrograd or somewhere in Russia he had appeared before a group of disciples at a time when his body was hundreds of kilometres away: Ouspenski had seen it. But since Orage had come to Fontainebleau, Gourdyev had not said a word to him. The group gymnastic exercises were considered the necessary work of preparation. Gourdyev gave orders in Russian. The Russians in the house told me with an excited, triumphant air, that Gourdyev frequently flew into a rage and used language that would make Lenin himself blush. There were about seventy Russians and twenty Englishmen, but not one Frenchman.

II

A stable. Five or six dirty cows. There are no servants in a Pythagorean institution, and men of the world, even literary critics, are not very skillful in caring for cows. These cows produce the milk for the hundred disciples. Katherine Mansfield was tubercular. She lived in this stable. Cows also are often tubercular, and their milk transmits the microbe. The ceiling is high: the place could not have been a stable before the Master arrived.

At least six feet below the ceiling, a Russian skilled at carpentry had built a platform to which one had access by a ladder. A mattress and some cushions had been put on the platform. It was there that Katherine Mansfield lived. It seems that the Master had said that cows gave forth exhalations that would cure the sick woman. It was not merely the odor of the cows in the stable, but certain spiritual exhalations. Katherine Mansfield died, and no one dared to ask the Master why. Moreover, he does not know English, and it would have been necessary to ask one of the Russians who speak English, and the Russians are much more terrified and docile in the face of the Master than the English are.

There were several doctors among the disciples who said that their medicine in any case would have done nothing for Katherine. Orage said that she at least died in tranquillity, even in a kind of happiness.

Another Russian with a certain talent for painting decided to add to Katherine Mansfield's final happiness. He painted on the plaster, just above the platform where she lay, a great many crescents, shining suns, and stars in very bright red and blue. He did not have as much gold paint as he wanted, but the red and the blue replaced the gold. Katherine went there every day to look at these crescents and stars. At least the cows kept the place warm, for that February was a very cold one and the château had hardly any heat.

We have lunch in the big dining-room of the château. The furniture is tattered, the meal is prepared by the disciples. Theoretically each one feeds himself. In practice, they take turns

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at cooking, and certain women are responsible for the work. It is altogether acceptable. There are other guests, White Russians, a former Minister of the Tsar. They discuss occultism.

It appears—nobody is sure—that Gourdyev has revealed that only a few human beings possess an immortal soul. But a certain number possess a kind of embryo of an immortal soul. If this embryo is cultivated according to the laws, it can develop itself and achieve immortality; otherwise it dies. Gourdyev alone knows the indispensable methods. All those whom he has brought here possess at least the embryo. While the people filed past him in London the supernatural vision of the Master detected the possible candidates. It is a great comfort that everybody here has a real chance of becoming immortal, at least among the disciples. The guests exchange glances with some anxiety. There are a dozen people at table. Most of Gourdyev's subjects have no fixed hours for their meals.

A door opens noiselessly. A big, powerful-looking man dressed in a heavy fur coat, but without a hat, enters violently. His head is completely shaved. His face has an expression of habitual ferocity mingled at this instant with a look of tenderness that is evidently temporary. The man is carrying in his arms a lamb that is already fairly large: his tenderness is for the lamb. The man walks across the room with long strides, not even looking at us, and goes out another door. It is Gourdyev. We all knew it. The disciples, in great excitement, tell us, 'He is always like this. He did n't look at you, but he saw you. He knows you all completely.'

Orage wants to show me the park. After lunch we walk down several lanes. Gourdyev has bought an aviation hangar from the military authorities. His disciples have dismantled it, carried it to the park, and put it up again. The enormous, dirty, black construction swears with the château and what is left of the gardens, for ditches run across the park.

'Gourdyev always keeps us busy. The soul can develop itself only if the body is in perfect equilibrium. We are taught the mastery of our muscles. We know how to perform the hardest work, and we know how to move the left arm with a different rhythm than the right arm. We can beat four-four time with the right arm and three-four time with the left arm simultaneously.'

In a big hole at the end of a path is an enormous kind of Negro hut made of brick and cement. Orage explains that inside are Turkish baths. Men and women go there separately. Complete chastity reigns, but there are also married couples who live normally. Gourdyev neither preaches nor practises asceticism, but his disciples are exhausted by the digging and the terror.

Suddenly we see Gourdyev. He is standing a few yards away from the bath house. Beside him somebody is mixing mortar. Gourdyev picks some up in his bare hands, rolls it into a ball, and throws it inside the bath house. With great rapidity he bombards the inside of the house with balls of mortar. We approach. The entrance to the baths, built by inexpert disciples, has collapsed. Through a big hole we can see flames leaping, fanned by a violent blast of air. Nobody knew what to do until Gourdyev came. The heat prevents anyone from

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approaching the furnace. Gourdyev is trying to block the hole with balls of mortar. He throws well. He began at the top of the hole, and the balls make a curious noise as they flatten out against the hot wall. His unbuttoned greatcoat flies from right to left and bothers him so much that he takes it off. He does n't look at us. Some of the disciples regard him from afar with a kind of horror. The man who is mixing the mortar has the attitude of a slave. We are embarrassed. I have the impression of witnessing something obscene. We go away.

I am invited to spend two nights. In the evening after dinner Gourdyev has a big bottle of vodka sent to Orage's room where I am sitting with a few Englishmen. I am told that this is a special honor. All these people are on edge and suffer from a mixture of shame, fear, and unavowable hope. I propose that we throw half the bottle of vodka out the window to make Gourdyev believe we have drunk it. The point is that nobody wants to drink more than a few drops, and we feel incapable of honoring this bottle with the dignity it deserves. But my proposal is not adopted. They are afraid of Gourdyev.

We talk late into the night. Some of these men were well known in London. There is a distinguished, Harley Street doctor, a lawyer, and several writers. I am told that Gourdyev will receive me to-morrow afternoon and will have an interpreter. Great excitement. Gourdyev has never received anyone that way. The Englishmen charge me to ask several questions. Although they have been here several months Gourdyev has never spoken to them. They don't know what they are doing here. The Russians give them vague indications. All of them are brutalized and demoralized by physical work that is too much for them. Later in the evening, we are told that Gourdyev has ordered a mystical night service between Sunday and Monday in the aviation hangar, which has been transformed into a temple. They hear that he has authorized a representative of the *Daily Mail* to be present. Stupefaction. The English do not understand. And is the mystic secret that has not been revealed to them to be delivered to the *Daily Mail*?

III

Sunday, February 18th. From half-past two to half-past four a Russian, Madame de Hartmann, who speaks English serves as interpreter. Here is our long conversation, summed up and arranged.

Myself: 'What results are you trying to obtain here?'

Gourdyev: 'To give physical health, to increase the intelligence, to lift people out of their routine.'

'Have you ever obtained for anyone else what you are seeking?'

'Yes, in four or five years some disciples have arrived at the goal.'

'Do you know that many of these people here are close to despair?'

'Yes, there is something sinister in this house, but that is necessary.'

'Have they the ambition to become immortal?'

'Every one has ambitions. Few satisfy them.' He speaks sardonically. 'Everybody possesses an ego, an essence. Many people would like to transfer their ego into their essence and thus become immortal.'

'What is the purpose of all this physical labor, and is it going to last

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a long time?' The English had begged me at great length to ask this question.

'To make them masters of the exterior world. It is only a temporary phase.'

'Are you trying to give them occult power?'

'Yes, I am trying to give them every power. There is no difference between occult powers and others. All the occultists of to-day are mistaken.'

'You do not belong to any school?'

'No, we are a group of friends. About thirty years ago a dozen of us spent several years in Central Asia, and we reconstructed the doctrine from the remains of oral traditions, from the study of ancient customs, popular songs, and even from certain books. The doctrine has always existed, but the tradition has often been interrupted. In ancient times certain groups and castes knew it, but it was incomplete. The ancients went in too much for metaphysics. The doctrine was too abstract.'

'Why have you come to Europe?'

'Because I want to combine the mystical, Oriental spirit with the scientific, Occidental spirit. The Oriental spirit dwells in the truth, but only in its tendencies and general ideas; the Occidental spirit dwells in the truth in so far as its methods and technique are concerned. Only Occidental methods are good in history and observation. I want to create a type of sage who unites the spirit of the Orient and the technique of the Occident.'

'Are there already sages of this kind?'

'Yes, I know some European scholars who have attained this end.'

'Do you teach any positive doctrine over and above questions of method?'

'Yes. Few human beings have a soul. Nobody has a soul at birth. One must acquire a soul. Those who do not succeed in this die. The atoms disperse and nothing remains. Some make a partial soul and are then subject to a kind of reincarnation that permits them to progress. Finally, a very small number of men succeed in possessing immortal souls. But this number is extremely small. There are only a few of them. Most of those who accomplish anything have only partial souls.'

'Do you believe in free will?'

Neither the interpreter nor Gourdyev appear to understand what free will is. My explanations bring this reply from Gourdyev, 'Everybody does what he wants: nothing can stop him. But men do not know how to desire.'

Gourdyev has extraordinarily courteous manners. During this conversation he does not in any way give the impression of being a charlatan. He seems to be trying to explain himself in the most rational possible manner and does not refuse to answer any questions. His ferocity seems to be transformed into force. I ask him if he is still in touch with friends who have reconstituted the doctrine. He replies that he sees three or four of them still.

'What are they doing?'

'They are practising different ordinary professions.'

'Are they teaching?'

'No. I am the only one who teaches: that is my profession.'

The disciples add that he has defined himself as a disseminator of solar energy, which they pretend not to understand.

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'Is there a God?' I ask.

'Yes, and Gourdyev is in communication with Him. Almost like an independent, obstinate minister with his king.' Women, they say, have no real possibility of acquiring a soul except by contact and sexual union with men.

On the evening before the great service, I report the results of my questions to my English friends. They are extremely disappointed. What irritates them most is that Gourdyev said the doctrine could be found in books. 'Then,' said one of them, the Harley Street doctor, 'if the tradition is in books, what are we doing here?'

'No,' says another. 'There is no secret tradition.' And they decide that this is impossible, that I misunderstood, or that the interpreter translated badly. The only thing that gives them real consolation is the assurance that their labor of digging will not last forever.

They are struck by Gourdyev's own free admission that there is something sinister in this house. They are inclined to ask themselves if they are duped, but they would prefer to remain victims. However, they are afraid of being exploited by Gourdyev in his occult intentions. They have confidence in his power, but are not sure of his intentions toward them.

Ten o'clock in the hangar. A fairy-like spot. Tapestry that seems extremely precious covers the floor and the walls. The man from the *Daily Mail*, who is seated beside me, says that he is a connoisseur of tapestry and that those here must be worth over a million francs. The partitions and the floor are completely covered with them, sometimes to a thickness of several layers. A large couch half as high as a man runs all around the walls, and it is covered with cushions. Dozens of men and women are stretched out there. They await spiritual priapic exercises. In the centre is a jet of water with multicolored lights playing on it. Perfume. Music that is said to be from Central Asia and that is extraordinary in any case.

The dances begin under the direction of Gourdyev. They are slow dances and the performers are placed at considerable distances from each other. At certain commands, they all halt in the position they happen to occupy at the moment and must remain that way until ordered to continue. Those who are off balance when the cry to stop is uttered must not finish the movement they have started, and fall with their whole weight. When they have fallen they must not move.

The man from the *Daily Mail* is beside himself, and justly. The perfume, the atmosphere, the colored lights, the rich carpets, the strange movements—it is the romanticism of Victor Hugo's *Orientales* at last come to earth. To reassure the journalist I tell him that I am a professor at the University of Bordeaux and that all these people are crazy. He reflects for a minute and then seems very much comforted. His conviction that he is sane returns to him. But the next day he villainously repeated my consoling words to Orage, who was vexed and did not begin to pardon me until ten years later.

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Here are two studies of the younger generation in France by a German Nazi and a French Communist. Both agree that a revolution is now well under way.

YOUTH *of* France

Fascist and Communist Views

I. The Fascist View

By Friedrich Sieburg

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt National-Socialist Daily

In THE crowd that tried to force their way into the Chamber of Deputies and show their displeasure on the day Daladier fell, members of the younger generation were most in evidence. One pale man, in particular, kept trying to break through the police lines. The package of books he carried tied together with a strap proclaimed him a student. His features expressed excitement, even rage, and this was all the more amazing because the demonstration was protesting against cutting the pay of government employees and adding to the gasoline tax, two matters of no possible significance to our young Frenchman. Indeed, anyone who saw him could not have but wondered why a student should be so excited about an abstract issue in a financial debate. But nobody was paying much attention to him, for the noisy young people of the Latin Quarter are familiar figures here. Demonstrations and strikes are among the favorite outlets for student enthusiasm in Paris.

Nevertheless, it is not difficult and quite permissible to draw from this scene a few conclusions concerning the intellectual attitude of the younger generation in France. To the youth of France politics is the chief if not the only form of public life. But circumstances forbid the young people from conspiring to create a new political

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system of their own, apart from the existing political system. They have no opportunity of rising above every-day life into a luminous realm; they can only strive to get there by political means. In consequence, when they have had to choose between adopting the politics of their fathers or refraining in disgust, most of them have adopted the latter course.

II

France is not a young person's country. The idea of maturity, balance, and measure exercises such a tyrannical rule that youth is usually regarded by the older generation as a disturber of the peace and actually does play that rôle. The body of ideas on which the older generation lives has not yet been exhausted because the elders have prudently drawn upon these ideas as seldom as possible. The general policy of the country is toward the Left. It is, in other words, a policy that cannot make up its mind to consolidate the economic and all the other material interests of the population into a single unit and subject them to one command. Hence the simple ideas that prepared the way for French democracy still dwell on the political horizon. This weakens the strategic position of the younger people who get nowhere if they resort to criticism. If they really want to participate in politics they must either follow the opportunistic path of their fathers or else they must devote themselves to the ideal of the nation.

During the great post-war boom, when the standard of living rose rapidly, the young Frenchman mastered the world of technique, machinery, sport, and mass pleasure. Every young Frenchman is a good technician or can become one overnight if he so desires. Life holds no more secrets for him because his adolescence came in a period when money was being made, goods were being produced, and security of profit seemed guaranteed for all time. He took advantage of this condition to master a brilliant and ice-cold equipment for the struggle of life. He began learning foreign languages to an extent unheard-of by the previous generation, he slept with his window open, competed for athletic prizes, went automobiling at night down long boulevards with a young girl at his side instead of walking in the moonlight. In a word, he acquired that spiritual and physical leanness that suggests hardness. But is he really hard? Many of his contemporaries are beginning to grow up. They have gone on expeditions into Asiastic deserts or have made names for themselves as polar explorers. Others are making fortunes or trading on the stock exchange. The older generation's appetite is ebbing and French cooking has gone into a decline because the younger people don't care about good food any more.

The idea of happiness is also beginning to change. Did n't we always believe that every Frenchman possessed the capacity for happiness and that he placed a higher value on his own happiness than on the welfare of the community? Of course, that is still the attitude of most of the older generation, but the young people are no longer happy and, what is worse, they do not want to be. Happiness no longer stands at the head of their moral hierarchy and I believe that the unprecedented, often insupportable

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sense of security that the average, mature Frenchman enjoyed is also beginning to leave the youth of the country. The twenty-year-olders did not experience the enthusiasm of the 1918 victory. They judge the victory only by what it brought them. Victory, they say, did not bring anything new to France, but, on the contrary, it merely strengthened the 'old leaders' and led to a powerful reaction. They cast their eyes at the nations who suffered defeat—Germany, Russia, and, to a certain extent, Italy—but have not experienced the disillusionment of the victorious powers. It cannot possibly be said that in any of these three countries there is no desire for anything new.

To this extent, therefore, the doubts that the youth of France feels about the significance of their elders' victory is easy to understand. What, they ask, must happen if France is to renew herself? The young man of whom I spoke at the outset was not swinging his pile of books in protest against article 37 of Daladier's financial project. What agitated him could not easily be expressed in words and had nothing to do with this particular crisis. Of course, he represented the better element among his contemporaries, most of whom would not think of exposing their heads to a policeman's club. They would simply be disgusted.

Yes, disgusted is the right word, and why should n't I admit that the young people of France who despise their country's public utterances and speak contemptuously of the spirit that animates their country's policy make a disturbing impression? Cowardice ill becomes this powerful, healthy race. Young Frenchmen make themselves hard, but they are too clear-sighted to hope for anything whatever from parliament, the press, or the universities. What if they resorted to violence? If such an act were to amount to more than a general strike of youth it would at once become an attack against French harmony, and in the long run the harmony of France is always stronger than all the young people in the country no matter how united they may be. The young people know this, and therefore their faces radiate disgust, which is merely a prelude to despair.

III

Yet a thorough diagnosis of the intellectual attitude of the younger generation in France would not be justified in concluding that it is agitated by the same unrest that has seized the younger generation of other countries. The everyday lives of the young are too solid to permit them to take that course. They do not know the hopeless tread of the unemployed, the hot blasts of civil war; they only know that their national defense is better and more strongly organized than that of any other country. And youth would not be youth if these elements of a well-protected existence did not influence its point of view. Even one who does not make the mistake of explaining everything in the light of the crisis must recognize that different as the crisis has been in France compared with other countries, it has had strong intellectual and moral influences. The French will admit that other nations have suffered irreparable damage. Therefore, they doubt their own parliament before it has really failed, and, in like manner, they begin

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to mistrust capitalism, although it has not yet proved itself ineffective.

Perhaps it might be said that the youth of France stands halfway between the youth of Germany and of England. They are not so disturbed, excited, or bellicose as the Germans, but they are more vibrant, intolerant, and perceptive than the English. Certain slogans have become popular that no educated Frenchman would have uttered eighteen years ago without shrugging his shoulders or laughing. Time was when anyone who questioned the significance of the League of Nations or the Second International, not to mention the Allied Powers and the importance of the *status quo* in Europe, would have been laughed out of court. It is not that the Frenchman to-day desires international conflict or domestic discord, but he no longer believes in the means that the 'grown-ups' have devised and he doubts that parliament can forestall collapse.

A young writer who had conducted a great questionnaire for *Le Temps* concerning the younger generation in various countries and who had paid special attention to the youth of Germany recently asked, 'What do the French offer that can compete with these powerful, wonderfully barbaric young people?' And Paul Morand, who attempted the difficult task of describing what the younger French generation lives for, concluded that it does not know what and whom it should love. These are melancholy observations, but it explains why the young people of this country not only have lost their belief in capitalism and in the conceptions of happiness that it implies, but that they are yearning for extremely un-French things, such as a leader and authority. They do not know what form this man and this conception should assume; in other words, they have no programme, but only an impulse, and this impulse thrusts them into the field of world politics. They are all anticapitalistic without exception, but they vacillate between a Marxism built on the coldest rationalism and a no less rationally planned political system with rigid national leadership resembling Italian Fascism or, even more closely, German National Socialism.

IV

Young people are meeting in innumerable little *chapelles politiques*. Active groups are establishing publications—*Esprit*, *Réaction*, *L'ordre nouveau*, *Combat*, *Plans*, and innumerable others. Here all the youthful unrest is concentrated, but one rarely detects the note of ardor or despair. What characterizes all these groups is their coldness, their arrogance, and their terrifying capacity for analysis. Doubtfully, distrustfully, all of them discuss the conception of the fatherland. As the sons of a people that originated the word 'nation,' they want the nation to be a community of life and ideals to which private morality will be subordinated. They, too, feel the maternal bonds between the country and themselves, but they make every effort to recognize that these bonds are economic interests, a civilization, and a literature. The older people have lived too long on the emotion that France is an indestructible life form. To the young, on the other hand, it is only an idea, and we see these young people bending over this idea, trying to recognize their own reflection in it.

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II. The Communist View

By Léon Moussinac

From *International Literature*, Moscow English-language Literary Review

IT IS no longer possible for French writers to keep silent as they now feel the menace of being assailed by famine in their ivory towers; and if they scrutinize the horizon above these ruins, they are most of the time too nearsighted to perceive the light of the dawn emerging from the East of Europe.

The hope for a 'revival' of business, a revival anticipated for the beginning of the current year, has been given up. The so-called success of 'library editions' (a circulation of more than 50,000 copies) has affected only two novels: *Voyage au Bout de la Nuit* by Céline, and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* by Lawrence. De luxe editions have failed completely. Pretty books are no longer purchased, and, besides, the drop of the 'values' in this domain has been as strong as that of Royal Dutch or Shell on the stock exchange. Book fancying has become a prohibited passion.

The largest publishing firms in France are experiencing tremendous difficulties. They restrict the number of new books, and they cut down circulation figures. Many of the little bookshops are still in existence only because of credit given by publishers. The bookselling monopoly of the Messageries Hachette, notably at railway stands, is a tremendous financial force which takes advantage of the straitened circumstances of certain publishers to intervene and to 'control' to a certain extent the production of books. It also commands exclusive selling rights of certain authors. Publishers' contracts with writers are revised and, at times, canceled. The monthly allowances of some writers are reduced, or completely withdrawn. And the rest of bourgeois 'culture'—art, theatre, music—shares a similar fate.

The French writers are certain that everything is not yet lost, that the régime can still survive, but their drama is that they know not whether the régime is going to live as long as they. The menace is there: on the right and on the left. For an ever increasing number it is a question of choosing between Fascism and Communism, between revolution and war, between the old rotten civilization or the young nascent civilization. Nonconformist writers are already in a separate group. If one wants to stick to one's privileges, one must stand by the side of Tardieu and of General Weygand who are dreaming of new legions of 'blue shirts' (each one has his color). One must applaud Maurois (alias Herzog, millionaire mill-owner) who declares in the *Nouvelles Littéraires:*—

'I believe that the great statesman is always simple, "elementary," and courageous. I believe he must devote himself unreservedly to the nation of which he forms a part. No free individual without a strong state. To re-create in the young French generation the notion of and the respect for

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the state, this seems to me to be for us, writers, one of the most pressing duties. Yet I am far from despairing of the possibility to fulfill this duty and to emerge from this moral crisis. The youth is full of courage and of good will: it only waits for a doctrine.'

This 'doctrine' is evidently something like the new ten commandments of Fascism, of a Fascism that in France appears to have forgotten the Dreyfus affair and that would permit the author of *Ariel* to save his fortune and to preserve his prestige in the elegant, privileged, and rich society with which he mingles in Paris and in London. André Maurois no doubt turns his glances towards the well-made review for young people, *Esprit*, which has now been edited for several months by a group of anti-Marxist writers, several of whom are Catholic communicants, a pro-Fascist review, which is gaining more and more influence among the youth in the schools, and in which Maurois recently published an article against the revolutionary writers.

In spite of all the invectives of Julien Benda, director of the conscience of a portion of the bourgeois élite, the treachery of the 'clercs' develops at an ever-increasing pace. Yes, the 'clercs' betray. And it is quite symptomatic that Julien Benda believes himself obliged to make a pathetic and earnest appeal to the 'European nation.' He preaches a sermon of idealistic unselfishness. He wants to save Europe by destroying nationalism; nevertheless, he believes —this man who considers himself above nationalism—that the supernational language will be French.

In the meantime both young and old people descend from their ivory tower and meditate. They no longer form literary chapels, but political groups.

This is the outstanding and the novel fact.

Alfred Fabre-Luce, son of a director of the Crédit Lyonnais, one of the most powerful banks in France, Pierre Dominique, who has just published a venomous piece of reporting on Soviet Siberia, and Jean Prévost, normalist, boxer, and radical, have jointly begun publishing a new weekly, *Pamphlet*, in which they attack what they call the 'conversion of Gide' and Communism, this 'modern puritanism' (*sic*), while indirectly eulogizing Mussolini, the new apostle of peace.

The Bulletin of the *Plans* groups, conducted by Philippe Lamour, sets forth an agrarian programme that is based upon the 'radiant farm,' the chimera of the French kulak, and therein we read that 'the epoch is weak,' that 'public opinion is resigned,' and also that 'the public is eternally occupied with material worries, with bills payable at the end of the month, with personal troubles, so that there is a state of laisser-faire, laisser-glisser.' *Plans*, therefore, invites the élite to 'master themselves' and to think of the future above the difficulties of the present.

II

All this, which may seem trite at a first glance, is a new phenomenon *in France*. We see the writers taking the floor in ever greater number, and this they do not only in order to submit 'literary' programmes or manifestoes of 'schools.' While these new publications, products of the crisis, are born and developed, we witness the agony, or already the death, of various move-

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ments which have had their hour of active life. Thus the Proletarian Writers who, with Henri Poullaile, are publishing the review *Nouvel Age*, subsequently *Chantiers;* thus the Surrealist group, in which a split occurred, a certain number of its members (Aragón, George Sadoul, Pierre Unik) going over to the Association of Revolutionary Writers and Artists. To-day they are members together with André Breton, Paul Eluard, René Grevel, Benjamin Peret, Tristan Tzara, former chief of the *Dada* movement, all of them collaborating in the review, *Le Surréalisme au Service de la Révolution*. Neither should we overlook the *Monde* in which are now writing such confirmed Trotzkiist elements as Leon Werth, Magdeleine Paz, Aug. Habaru, Henri Martinet, and Social-Democrats like Monnet and Bergery.

Lastly, of telling significance was the recently published 'List of Demands' by the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, in which one reads only the political texts of the young writers whether belonging to the Fascist and spiritualist right or to the Communist left.

So that it may be said that the division between conformist and nonconformist writers is becoming more and more pronounced. This division, naturally, affects also other categories of intellectuals: scientists, painters, architects, musicians, professors, physicians, and so forth.

Faubourg Saint-Germain and the literary salons no longer know whom to trust. Certain 'glories' that were apparently well alive yesterday were consigned to oblivion with a single blow, and Henri Bordeaux is now to be found cheek by jowl with another illustrious member of the Académie Française, Monseigneur Baudrillart, at the head of a committee which proposes to award the sum of 50,000 francs for the best anti-Bolshevist novel that will be submitted to it during the next few months. It is no longer a question of art for art's sake.

III

The Association of Revolutionary Writers and Artists has now a membership of 550. It includes the names of writers like Aragon, Barbusse, René Blech, Jean-Richard Bloch, André Breton, Paul Eluard, Eugène Dabit, Elie Faure, Georges Friedmann, Frévilla, Louis Guilloux, Henri Lefevre, P. Nizan, Louis Paul, Georges Politzer, Stefan Priacel, Jules Rivet, Romain Rolland, Sadoul, Charles Vildrac, Paul Vaillant-Couturier, and also the names of a large number of architects, painters, cinema workers, photographers, and theatrical workers.

Other outstanding facts: the creation of the Theatre of International Action, the formation of an Association of Physicians Against War which has been joined in France by more than four hundred physicians and medical students, the development of the Circle of New Russia which assures contact between French intellectuals and Soviet intellectuals, whose sections have lately multiplied their activities.

One last observation: on the occasion of the burning of the Reichstag and the outbreak of Fascist terror in Germany, the Association of Revolutionary Writers and Artists published two 'Red Leaflets.' One entitled 'The Fire' contained notably the protests of

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André Gide, Henri Barbusse, Romain Rolland, Jean-Richard Bloch, Jean Painlevé, Elie Faure, Eugène Dabit. Six thousand copies were distributed in Paris in a few hours. The second leaflet entitled 'Red Front' contained, aside from the aforementioned protests, also those of the writers Luc Durtain and André Viollis, of the painters Fernand Leger and Ozenfant, and of the musician Darius Milhaud. Twelve thousand copies were distributed in a few days. This was done in preparation for the grand mass meeting presided over by André Gide.

In the life-and-death struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, in which we Communists hold firm positions, the voices that were silent yesterday are raised to-day, mingling with our voices and ringing with decisive passion.

The French writers have the floor. The revolutionary proletariat appeals to them for loyal support. No one has the right to keep silent. Each one must recognize his own.

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Here are three short stories by young Russian writers who represent the optimistic spirit of the Soviet Union.

Three Tales *from* Russia

By Three Russian Authors

I. My Married Career

By N. A. Karpov

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

Was I married, my dear? Well, yes and no. Often I think that my married bliss was withered at the root by the speed at which it moved. For the impulse that led me to get married arose from a very trivial affair. I had needed a pair of overalls, had bought them at the old clothes market and put them on at once. On the way home, I noticed an overloaded wagon stuck in the trolley tracks unable to move in any direction. As a good comrade I thought to myself, 'You must help the driver.' I pushed as hard as I could, laying my whole weight against the wagon, until it creaked and moved.

But the buttons on my new overalls moved, too, and were torn out of the material. The driver naturally shook my hand in gratitude, but I was very glad when he finally let go because I needed both hands to hold up my overalls. I ran. People with whom I almost collided made fun of me, and one shouted, 'For heaven's sake, citizen, run. Otherwise misfortune will befall you, and you'll lose something.' I was beside myself with shame and galloped as fast as my legs could carry me until I arrived breathless in my room and closed the door behind me. I then ventured forth to replace the lost buttons and thought to myself, 'What a poor wretch I am not to know anyone who can give me a button.' It was then that the idea flashed through my head to get married and end all

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this inconvenience. And now let me tell you what happened.

Not far from our factory there was a woman who sold apples. She was a well-nourished person, round as a ball, a real delight to behold. Her name was Darya Semenovna, and I might as well admit that I let few opportunities slip to exchange words with her, making every effort to prolong these visits at the apple stand as long as possible.

And so it came to pass that I decided to get married. I put on a brand new coat, brushed my hair, washed my hands, and with beating heart hurried to Darya Semenovna's fruit stand. I began by beating around the bush a little, and then I blurted out, 'Now, comrade, when do you expect to be free?'

'That all depends,' she replied smiling slyly, 'what the purpose is.'

'I have most serious intentions. I don't like all the little girls who play up to me, but you have maturity.'

When Darya Semenovna saw that I really had serious intentions, she said, 'Well, I am ready to make you happy.'

'Then let's go.' And the next day we had our marriage registered.

My new wife brought a big bundle along with her containing a lot of bed clothes, curtains, and a plant to go in the window. In short, a dowry worthy of a fairy princess. When I woke up the next morning, the breakfast table was all laid, and I thought to myself, by the time I get up tea will surely be ready, and it came to my mind that marriage was a pretty good thing. Feeling that family happiness was not an empty delusion, I rolled over cosily a few times and then got up, stretched myself a little, rubbed my eyes, and saw at the table a ten-year-old boy, hungrily eating an apple.

'Who's that?' I asked. 'Some one bringing congratulations from one of your relatives? That is really thoughtful.'

But my wife interrupted me. 'Oh, no,' she said. 'That is my dear little son who has been living with my mother up to now.'

The blood rushed to my head, and I shouted, 'So that's it! And you told me, cool as a cucumber, that you had no family. Why did n't you let me know?'

She replied snappishly, 'In the first place, you never asked, and, in the second place, there was n't time because we got married helter-skelter. Moreover, you must not get excited because my first husband pays to support this little son.'

I could not cool off and ran to work full of rage. When I returned I could hardly believe my eyes. For at the table sat not only one little boy but two. I was speechless with rage and astonishment. My wife did not give me a chance to ask her who this boy was but explained at once. 'You see, that's my second little son who has been living with his grandmother until now when I am at last able to take care of him again. But that need n't trouble you either, since this boy is looked out for by my second husband.'

Almost beside myself, I pulled on my cap, turned round, and foaming with rage ran as fast as I could to my friend Mitya to tell him about my troubles. When he saw me, he came forward stretching out both hands and cried, 'So you got married, my friend. Let me congratulate you, and then we'll have a drink to celebrate this happy event.'

But I made a wry face and fended off his wave of congratulations. 'You

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must help me, Mitya,' I begged him. 'I've got myself into a fine hornets' nest.' Then I told him everything that was in my heart.

He listened attentively, then shook his head, clapped me on the shoulder, and said, 'She's just swindled you. This sly vixen has humbugged you. She's going to have half a dozen sons march in on you if you don't pay her in the same coin.'

'I don't understand. What do you mean? Should I perhaps give her a boxing lesson?'

'No, no. Then you'd just come in conflict with the law. You must try to drive out the devil with Beelzebub. She has swindled you with two young princes. You must do the same thing.'

'But where in the world shall I find them?'

Mitya laughed at the top of his voice. 'You've got no more brains than a young rabbit. Lie down and rest a little. I'll have the two boys you need here right away.'

No sooner said than done. An hour later Mitya appeared, followed by two half-grown boys. One of them wore a cap with a badge on it and a tattered coat. The other had a woman's torn jacket which reached to his heels, and he had galoshes over his bare feet. Both were caked with dirt: their faces were black as chimney sweeps'.

'Here are two fine samples I found at the Kurski station,' said Mitya. 'I have told them on the way how they should act. They will call you papa and will not give you away. The one with the cap is called Mishka; the other, Senka.'

Mishka came forward and said to me, 'It's a bargain. We call you father as long as you give us enough to eat. We don't care about clothes, but give us a couple of cigarettes right away.'

I took them home. My wife almost fell in a faint when she saw them. 'What kind of birds are those?' she inquired, shocked almost to death.

'Why, these are my children from my first marriage who have been living with their grandmother,' I replied with the greatest assurance.

But she foamed with rage and picked one glass after another off the table, throwing each one on the floor with a crash. 'Such gutter snipes, such ragamuffins as you're bringing into my house,' she cried at the top of her voice.

I retained my composure and merely remarked when she had stopped for breath, 'Of course I have no extra money to support them, but, after all, the children are my own flesh and blood.'

While we were talking Mishka and Senka had been devouring the food on the table, entirely ignoring the uproar we were making. That reduced my wife to a perfect frenzy. She threw herself on the bed and howled for an hour. Then she seemed to come to her senses a little, and she called me to her and said, 'Since we're man and wife we must not destroy our married happiness. I'll give back my sons to their grandmother and you do the same.'

'Aha,' I thought to myself in silent triumph. 'Now she's playing another tune. The medicine has worked.' And I said aloud, 'That's all right with me.'

I winked at Mishka and Senka and said to them, 'Here are five kopecks for apples. Now run back to grandmother.'

But I had reckoned without my host. The two boys fell upon me, yelling, 'We'll show you up, you faker. First you promise to feed us and now

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you give us five wretched kopecks and kick us out the door hungry. You won't get away with it as easily as all that. We'll tell your wife a little story. Listen, lady. Heat up a poker to drive this devil out of the house. He kidnapped us to act out a comedy. We're not his children.'

When my wife, who had just spoken so gently to me heard this, she was again transformed into a tigress and roared, 'So-o-oh. From the very first moment of our life together you begin to deceive me. I won't remain a moment longer in this house. I have been married to three idiots, but I have never seen the like of you.'

In a frenzy of rage she tore the curtains from the window, the clothes from the bed, packed up her bundle, took her two children and dragged them off after her. Mishka and Senka followed in her train. They turned round a couple of times, thumbed their noses, and stuck out their tongues at me. Of my family life only a flower petal remained. Married life was withered at the root for me.

II. To Read or Not to Read

By Mihaïl Zoshchenko

Translated from *Sobranoe, Raskazī, Povesti, Feletonī*
Published by the Leningrad State Literary Publishing Society

And do you know that I, poor sinner that I am, thought that there were no more illiterates in our land? I thought that the illiterate had all been liquidated long ago.

Of course, I did not suppose that the people had began to prattle French or that they had heard about the higher mathematics. I was not thinking of that. But as far as reading and writing and signing one's name are concerned —these things seemed very simple and even possible.

It turned out to be quite a different matter: just listen to the story that blew in from that quarter.

Last month, in a certain important factory, it was decided to come down on the illiterate with greater vigor. After all, a new year had begun, with the tenth anniversary in the near future. Beyond that, another new year. And still the illiterate were not completely liquidated. Such things are not nice. So uncultured.

On the strength of that they decided to buckle down to the job. The Chairman of the Committee for Enlightenment called together his assistants and looked over the pay-day records. He wanted to know who signed his name and how, and who signed it nohow.

Well, a whole regiment of unlettered people turned up. Over a hundred. Of these not more than thirty were going to school in order to liquidate their ignorance: the rest were playing hooky.

The Chairman of the Committee for Enlightenment gathered his assistants and said, 'Comrades, here's how things stand. We've got to get down to work. To-morrow, at eight in the evening, we shall have a meeting of all those who can neither read nor write. Make the announcement.'

The assistants—eager, hot-headed youngsters—took the matter in hand right away and began to discuss the

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programme. In due course, the following evening came. At eight by the clock the Committee for Enlightenment appeared in full battle array, the Chairman with his portfolio. They seated themselves. But where were the illiterates? They had not appeared.

The Chairman said, 'Where do you suppose the illiterates are? Or maybe you forgot to notify them?'

'No,' they replied, 'we announced it. We posted a notice in every section.'

They began to wait, thinking all the while, 'There's an illiterate lot for you! Irresponsible people. They like to be late. Nothing to do but wait for them.'

Nine o'clock came and still no one staged an appearance. Some poor fellow strolled in, but upon examination it was discovered that he could read and write: he had just popped up by mistake. Finally the Chairman of the Committee for Enlightenment said, 'Comrades, the unlettered—come to think of it, they are unlettered. How are they to read your notices?'

The Committee became excited.

'But it's the truth,' they said, 'they cannot read.'

Thereupon they chose a special deputy who went through all the sections and proclaimed the meeting as with three pairs of lungs.

Well, that was a different story. The oral approach was successful. All of four people turned up, not counting the Chairman. The Committee for Enlightenment took them in hand.

III. The Man with the Broken Watch

By Arkadi Avershchenko

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

After settling back in the armchair and looking me over for a while, he said, with obvious satisfaction, 'So. That's the way you look.'

'Yes,' I smiled modestly.

'Have you been contributing to newspapers for a long time?'

'Four years.'

'Do you know, I've just decided that I'd write something, too.'

'Well, have you written it?' I inquired a little gruffly.

'Yes, and I have brought it with me. Maybe you will print it.'

'Have you written much before?'

'No. My head was full of such important things. But now they are all settled. I've sent my wife to the country and I simply don't know what to do with my time. That's why I took to writing. As I say, I've brought in my work to be printed. Read a few lines and you'll find yourself saying that Byron has come to life again.'

'I'm at your disposal. But I have something here that must be corrected at once,' I announced officiously to my visitor who confronted me from the armchair.

Dressed in a heavy, black suit, he was no longer young. He fell silent for a moment, looking contentedly at the tips of his shoes. But he did not allow me more than two minutes of silence.

'You have it soft,' he said. 'You write, you are printed, you are read, you earn money.'

'Writing is not so easy as you

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imagine, my dear friend,' I remarked without looking up from my work.

'Not so easy? You're joking,' commented the resurrected Byron unperturbed. 'I simply sat down at the desk and wrote as fast as I could. It was done in no time.'

I laid my unfinished corrections aside and asked, 'Where is your manuscript?'

'Here it is. Because it is my début you can have it cheap. Fifteen kopecks a line. Payment for future contributions will be agreed upon later.'

'Good,' I replied. 'You'll hear something within two weeks.'.

I hastily glanced over the manuscript in front of me and could not help saying, 'Moreover, this first sentence, "The setting sun shone from the horizon," is quite impossible.'

'You can change it to whatever you want,' he announced smiling goodnaturedly. 'That makes no difference. This is my first attempt. Now I won't take any more of your valuable time.' He pulled his watch out of his pocket. 'The devil. Stopped again.'

'Is it broken?' I asked.

'I've just had it repaired, and look at it. Is n't that annoying?'

'Yes, these watchmakers . . . But let me look at your watch. Perhaps I can make it go.'

He looked at me in amazement. 'You can repair watches, too?'

'That's a mere nothing.'

He handed me the watch. I opened the reluctant case and stuck my pen knife into the complicated mechanism of wheels and spirals. A few pieces fell out and rolled along the desk. 'That's no good,' I murmured and pulled the hairspring out between my finger nails. At this point two more little screws and a little hammer fell out on my desk.

The man in the armchair followed my investigations with evident displeasure and distress. 'Well?' he asked anxiously.

I pulled the rest of the works out of the case and growled, 'There are so many different things inside that there's no finding what's the matter in all this confusion.'

The man jumped up, gave one angry look at the disemboweled watch and shouted, 'Do you understand anything about watches?'

'Well,' I said slowly, 'yes and no.'

'But have you ever repaired a watch before?'

'Frankly, no. This is my first attempt.'

The man gathered together all the little wheels, hammers, screws, and spirals and wailed despairingly, 'Why the devil are you trying to do something that you don't know anything about?'

It was now my turn to be angry, and I shouted, 'You have no call to talk that way. What business have you sticking your fingers into literature? Do you think it is harder to fix a watch than to turn out a good piece of literary work?'

We looked contemptuously at each other for a moment, and then we both began to laugh.

'If this piece of mine is n't any good,' he finally announced, 'I'll write you another.'

And I replied, 'Good. And if you have another watch, bring it here. Perhaps we'll both learn something in the end.'

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Mauriac on the Novel

François Mauriac, the foremost Roman Catholic novelist in France, who was recently elected to membership in the French Academy, has just written a little manual on his profession entitled *Le Romancier et ses personnages*. The book is reviewed at length in the *Nouvelles Littéraires* by another novelist, who is also a critic—Edmond Jaloux. What M. Mauriac has to say about objectivity and subjectivity reminds M. Jaloux of the recent complaint of André Rousseaux to the effect that there are no more real novelists in the world to-day—purely objective novelists, that is. And it also reminds him of the rejoinder made by another novelist, Georges Duhamel, who wrote in the *Nouvelle Revue Française* that Balzac's '*Comédie humaine*, just like the life of its author, is the tedious drama of money . . . and that Conrad dreamily roams among, and even within, his characters.' But if, M. Duhamel continues, we turn to the novels of such a realist as Paul Bourget, we find that he has repeatedly endowed his characters with his own characteristics, and even the naturalist, Huysmans, portrays himself in his novels. In England, Dickens's *David Copperfield* and Thackeray's *Pendennis* illustrate the subjectivity of the realistic novel.

François Mauriac takes a similar view. 'The characters whom the novelist invents,' he says, 'are in no way created, if creation implies making something out of nothing. Our would-be creations are made up of elements taken from reality; we combine with more or less skill what observation of other men and knowledge of ourselves offer us. The heroes of novels are born of the union between the novelist and reality.'

Mauriac states the theory that the minor characters of a novel are more likely to have been taken from reality than the major characters, whom the author's imagination has evolved from the bare sketch that real life presented to him. 'Life gives the novelist a point of departure, which permits him to sally forth in a different direction from that which real life has taken.' To this Edmond Jaloux adds: 'To the hero of a novel, no matter what his origin may be, I am bound to give a general tone, a modification of his own potentialities that come from my own character, from my own physiological make-up. (*I*, in this case, is not at all personal: *I* is the novelist.)'

The artist's modification of reality is the second stage in the creation of a character. In the third stage, the novelist plumbs his fund of observation and endows his characters with different traits, taken from everywhere. Unnatural as this process may seem, it is in reality the method of Nature herself, when she creates a human being from a thousand molecules fetched from his heredity. Mauriac questions the theory of James Joyce and Virginia Woolf, who desire to paint an individual in his entirety by means of a mass of detail, a multitude of subtle touches, but Edmond Jaloux differs with the new Academician. It is possible, he says, to paint humanity at a standstill, in the fixation of a particular emotion. But it is also possible to represent humanity in its variability and constant flux, as James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, and Marcel Proust have done. Each of these two methods has its counterpart in life. It is a mistake to praise one and to condemn the other: both have their end and their value.

The Future of Futurism

The future of futurism lies in the past. There was once a group of men under the influence of F. T. Marinetti who wanted

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to free art from the shackles of a past age, who wanted to make it in every way expressive of the new life they were experiencing. In spite of the fact that Darwin had already published his famous volume, their fundamental conviction was that they were an entirely new species of animal.

A futurist might say, Why print in book form? It is so dull. Print on a brick, or on a hexagonal piece of cowhide, if you feel that this new form has caught the rhythm of the age. How well it all sounds: to liberate art completely, to make it expressive of the present in its purest form. And how sad it is that the search of the absolute should lead us to the ludicrous.

But do not for a moment think that futurism confines itself to the domain of art. Its founder, Mr. Marinetti, has just invented a new kind of soup, made of rose leaves, to thrill the taste of our twentieth century—something quite new and untainted by the soup traditions of our fathers. In the domain of dress futurism commemorates our brittle age by the introduction of aluminum ties: they are striking, economical, and wrinkle-proof. In the domain of printing futurism turns up its futuristic nose at our monotonous use of paper and introduces a volume of Marinetti's poems printed on chromium-plated aluminum. And Mr. Marinetti adds:—

'If you only knew the pleasure the reader will experience when he feels the pages crackle under his fingers, to say nothing of the poet, who will thus see his work made fire-proof and indestructible unto all eternity. In this way does futurism make literature immortal.'

A Post-War Literary Symposium

HERE are some interesting opinions about recent English literature assembled by the London *Sunday Times*. Under the title 'Books I Have Liked Best Since the War' Sir John Squire, the English editor, writer, and critic, lists Walter de la Mare, Siegfried Sassoon, and Edmund Blunden among the best of the younger poets. Writers of fiction who have made their mark include J. B. Priestley, A. J. Cronin, Helen Waddell, A. G. Macdonell, and the inimitable P. G. Wodehouse. Sir John adds:—

'There are so many enjoyable books every year. The best thing I can do is to mention a few which have even yet (praised though they have been) not got their just due. Among these are *His Monkey Wife*, by John Collier, whose other works, printed or to come, may be unreservedly recommended; *Loona*, by Norman Walker, a wise and sparkling romance; *Lost Horizon*, by James Hilton, who writes as Rider Haggard would have written had he had rather more intellect and a surer touch with language; and *Camilla's Banquet*, which (so far as I know) is the only series of Platonic dialogues ever written by a woman which not only show an understanding of men but satisfy the male mind.'

Philip Guedalla, in recalling the books he has most enjoyed since 1918, begins ominously:—

'I suppose it is only proper to exclude from such an inquiry books that were written before the War. This, of course, disposes neatly of the vast majority of books which I have read with the slightest degree of pleasure since 1918. It is also right, I think, to exclude those books of which the authors were established in their public reputation before the War. This clears the ground still further by disqualifying almost all the rest of the books which I have enjoyed in the same period.'

One post-war author remains, however, in whom Mr. Guedalla has found uniform pleasure—Ronald Fraser, author of *Rose Anstey*. Among biographies he mentions James Laver's *Life of Whistler* as outstanding.

Harold Nicolson, in characteristic fashion, seeks perspective and attempts to judge our post-war literature from the point of view of 2033 A.D.:—

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'He [the critic of 2033 A.D.] would, I presume, look back upon the post-war decade as a period of destructive criticism, relativity, and doubt. He would thus tend to regard as the most "important" writers those who helped to reflect or mould the spirit of the age—to propagate inquiry, to dislocate certainty, and to foster a critical, as opposed to a religious, attitude toward life. He would not be interested in those writers who repeated the formulas of the nineteenth century. He would be interested mainly in those writers who destroyed or questioned the standards which, in 1914, were the established standards.

'From this aspect he would thus unquestionably fix upon H. G. Wells as the most important writer of his age. No living author, not even Bernard Shaw, has had an area of influence so vast in space and time. Similarly, the critic of 2033 would attribute to the "scientific" handbooks of our period an importance which might surprise us.

'The "To-day and To-morrow" series of Messrs. Kegan Paul would thus occupy a very outstanding place upon his list, and special prominence would be given, both for style and content, to Bertrand Russell's *What I Believe*. The works of Jeans, Eddington, J. B. S. Haldane, J. W. N. Sullivan, Gerald Heard, and Julian Huxley would certainly be mentioned, and special reference would doubtless be made to Tansley's *The New Psychology*, J. W. Dunne's *Experiment with Time*, and even Richards' *Principles of Criticism*.

'In poetry T. S. Eliot would be defined as the prophet of intellectual pessimism; and in fiction the most important names would be James Joyce, owing to his dislocation of the technique of the English novel, and Aldous Huxley, owing to his dislocation of current sentimental values. Such, we may imagine, would be the opinion of the literary historian of 2033.

'Yet would it? Is it not equally possible that we are on the verge of a new romantic revival and that the heroes who, a century from now, will be venerated will not be those who finally pulled to pieces the worn fabric of nineteenth-century convention, but those who tried in the early twenties and thirties to seek for some new revelation? Should that be so, then D. H. Lawrence will be the tremendous figure both in poetry and prose. Virginia Woolf will be honored as one who with delicate genius tried to affirm in terms of æsthetics what in terms of reason she was too intelligent to admit. In poetry, it would not be Yeats and Eliot who will count so much as W. H. Auden, Day Lewis and Stephen Spender. It will be from them that will emerge, when it does emerge, our own Horst Wessel song.

'Yet I cannot tell what 2033 will think of 1933. I know only what I like myself. I know only that I enjoy what is written by Winston Churchill, Maurice Baring, Hilaire Belloc, Virginia Woolf, Arthur Waley, A. P. Herbert, Beachcomber, Sacheverell Sitwell, Evelyn Waugh, David Garnett, E. M. Forster, Norman Douglas, Desmond MacCarthy, Richard Hughes . . . but this is becoming invidious and the list too long.'

Hugh Walpole includes several foreign names in his list. He goes directly to the point and names the following books:—

'*The Magic Mountain*, by Thomas Mann; *Sergeant Grischa*, by Arnold Zweig; *The Tower*, by W. B. Yeats; *To the Lighthouse*, by Virginia Woolf; *A Passage to India*, by E. M. Forster; *Blenheim*, by G. M. Trevelyan; the final volumes of Proust; *Last Poems*, by A. E. Housman; *The Plumed Serpent*, by D. H. Lawrence; *Juan in America*, by Eric Linklater.

'The trouble with these is, they are all very obvious. They have also a priggish air, but that, in my opinion, is the fault of the sophisticates who will insist that a book is precious because only a few people read it.

'In any case, I must remember Professor Chambers's grand *Shakespeare*, essays by I. A. Richards, Professor Lowes's splendid *Road to Xanadu*, Pear-

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sall Smith's *Shakespeare*, and any book by P. G. Wodehouse.'

H. M. Tomlinson confesses to a morbid fascination for war literature, whether prose or poetry, and among other testaments he keeps the following in mind:—

'C. E. Montague's *Disenchantment*, Wilfred Owen's poems, Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs*, Edmund Blunden's *Undertones*, and General Spears' *Liaison, 1914*. There is, I hope, no need to name Hardy's last poems, what Shaw and Wells have done, Bennett's *Riceyman's Steps*, and Barrie's *Farewell, Miss Julie Logan*.

'I think Stella Benson is highly important and that her *Tobit Transplanted* was a contribution so lovely that it silences gratitude; but, then, it seems to me that the women as novelists, in perception and wit, leave the men behind them heroically toiling. There are Katherine Mansfield's short stories to show, Norah Hoult's *Poor Women*, and the novels of Rose Macaulay and E. M. Delafield. When in doubt about it all we can go apart with such a work as Sir Arthur Keith's *Antiquity of Man*.'

Is it a Holbein?

IT IS always hard for the layman to get excited about questions of authenticity. In the face of such discussions he is tempted to ask with impardonable simplicity, 'What of it?' But, when a portrait of Henry VIII owned by Mr. Geoffrey Howard of Castle Howard is called the work of Holbein by several technical experts and is denied that honor by several distinguished artists, even the layman becomes interested.

Those claiming that Henry VIII is a genuine Holbein base their argument on a report by Professor A. P. Laurie and on the technical examination performed by Dr. Ganz, director of the Basel museum and an acknowledged Holbein authority. Dr. Ganz and Professor Laurie have gone through all the steps of a meticulous analysis of brush technique, paint texture, and use of pigment. Both these men agree that though the work of the restorer has changed the picture 'so that we are no longer looking at the original modeling of the face,' the original portrait is the work of Holbein.

On the negative side we have such distinguished names as Gerald Kelly, Associate of the Royal Academy, Professor Henry Tonks, Emeritus Slade Professor of Fine Arts, Mr. Allan Gwynne-Jones, of the Slade School, and several others. These eight men each went to see the portrait alone, wrote their comments unaided, and—barring the possibility of cribbing—reached the same conclusion: the portrait of Henry VIII is not the work of Holbein.

It is curious that they all pick out the same points in support of their argument—the lack of bulk, the clumsy handling of detail, and, in several instances, the poor draughtsmanship. It might be interesting to quote them all were it not that Mr. Allan Gwynne-Jones sums up the matter completely:—

'The placing of the figure on the panel is indeed admirable, but beyond this in admiration I feel it very hard to go. To me one of the most remarkable qualities of Holbein is the combination of a superb severity and largeness of contour with an equally superb sense of bulk. I cannot find this quality in the Henry VIII portrait.

'The head seems to me to have little sense of mass and to be extremely insensitive in detail. The treatment of the ears is not only insensitive but ludicrous, and the hands are quite unworthy of a much less great artist than Holbein. There is no drawing in them, and their weak and curly lines are the antithesis of Holbein. One has but to compare them with the hands in "The Ambassadors," particularly those of the right-hand figure, which have a somewhat similar pose to the hands in the Henry VIII portrait, to see that in the latter not only is the quality of the drawing different but the whole conception of drawing is different and

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immeasurably inferior, while the word drawing cannot be applied at all to the glove which Henry holds or the white cuff on the hand that holds it.

'The decoration of the coat seems to me very mechanical, and the contour of the pattern has little relation to the forms over which it is supposed to pass. I find it hard to believe an artist of Holbein's refinement could be guilty of such continued insensitiveness of drawing or crudeness of color.'

As in so many arguments, both parties are fundamentally agreed. Professor Laurie admits that the Henry VIII which the artists refuse to attribute to the master is not the work of Holbein but that of a restorer whose clumsy brush has hidden much of the work of the great artist. That being the case, we can only curse his bungling hands. But the question remains, is it a Holbein?

A Moralist Come to Judgment

PAUL MORAND has dismounted Pegasus in favor of an armchair at the Green Table of diplomacy. The change does not seem to have agreed with him, however, for he has just suffered an overwhelming attack of virtue: it might as well have been rheumatism, so devastating were the results. M. Pierre Bénard, writing in the *Crapouillot* for November, says:—

'The first symptoms of this virulent infection appear in one of M. Morand's recent articles. He gets no further than the title when he begins to cry out, "Air, I pray! Air!" just like a gentleman suffering from congestion. The thing is that Mr. Morand has just discovered that our world is in a state of putrefaction and decay. He sickens at the thought of the scandalous crimes that fill our papers, of the vices whose name is legion. He wants all this to stop. "We want," he declares in Roman capitals in order to give more force to his words, "we want CLEAN CORPSES."

'Our first thought is that perhaps, since *Black Magic*, M. Morand has acquired the habit of eating them. But no, it's only a figure of speech.

'M. Morand confesses that every time he lifts the lid he sees the sewer; every time he opens a door, it's a latrine. Bad luck, to say the least. But why lift so many lids in imitation of Pandora, why open so many doors, when all M. Morand has to do is to open one of his books, *L'Europe Galante*, for example, to find the portrait of our ignominious epoch drawn artistically and sympathetically? Is he going to burn his books to purify the atmosphere? Fortunately, we shall not come to that.

'For fifteen years, at every latitude and longitude, M. Morand has been the guest of so many establishments, whether open or closed at night, that he feels rather weary and nauseated. He is like a gentleman with a bad hangover who curses his existence and dreams of clear waters, blue skies, and green pastures.'

As a diplomat and a voluptuary Paul Morand has been the fashionable author of French bourgeois society. Now, as a moralist, he is doubly their spokesman. It is characteristic of the bourgeois to be interested in morals, an interest which engenders the zest for immorality. The sophisticates of the Gay Nineties, who delighted in shocking the stolid English middle class, were themselves the very quintessence of the bourgeois mind.

But Paul Morand is closer to Alexandre Dumas Fils than to Oscar Wilde. He is typically the French 'bon viveur' who comes into his inheritance of gout and a high moral tone. There is really nothing extraordinary in this new virtue. M. Morand never had the divine simplicity to be unmoral. And this so-called new virtue is the same old coat worn with the lining showing.

Stanislavski Speaks

BECAUSE an article on Max Reinhardt appears elsewhere in this issue we take special pleasure in presenting another great *régisseur*—Konstantin Stanislavski,

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director of the Moscow Art Theatre. We quote his words as they appear in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta:—*

'I consider the new audience of the theatre one of the most important factors in our theatrical life. The man we have to deal with to-day is eager, impressionable, and easily moved by the spectacular; our responsibility, therefore, is a heavy one. Like every other art the theatre should deepen our understanding, refine our feelings, and raise our cultural level. When the spectator leaves the theatre he should be able to see deeper into our life and epoch than he could when he entered. Because of this the theatre has no right to take the expectations of the audience lightly or to allow itself to be deluded by its applause: the spectator of to-day is grateful for every hint of the artistic.

'The theatre often enshrouds some great theme in a mass of stage properties or in a purely external imitation of reality. The purpose of the theatre is to unfold the theme of a play through characters who are deeply imbued with reality and truth. Watching the evolution or the downfall of the characters the spectator will attain a clearer understanding of the most profound problems of our civilization. The theatre should neither teach nor preach; the characters should hold the attention of the hearer and lead him to the central idea of the play.

'In our country the theatre has no right to lie: it must be fundamentally true. This lays heavy obligations on the actor and his art. The most difficult thing we have to do right now is to portray contemporary characters with fundamental realism. For this reason the Moscow Art Theatre is directing all its efforts to the development and elevation of the actor's art.

'In this connection we should mention the importance of the Classics to the contemporary stage. They bring the spectator into contact with the values and thoughts of an ancient civilization; they offer excellent training to the actor.

'It seems to me that in spite of the invaluable contributions of certain highly gifted artists the European theatre is not progressing. The commercialization of the theatrical art, the classification of the theatre as just another source of revenue have had a catastrophic effect on its position. There is no opportunity to work thoroughly over a play. European producers envy us the dozens of rehearsals that we are able to give our actors in preparation for a performance. The most important Western actors, moreover, are drawn into the movies. In the West not enough attention, not enough love, not enough confidence are given to the activities of the theatre. In spite of the necessity for strict economy we, the artists of the Soviet stage, enjoy such conditions for creative work as the producers of the West can see only in their dreams.'

It is interesting to note the social consciousness of such régisseurs as Reinhardt and Stanislavski. Gone are the happy days of the ivory tower and 'art for art's sake.' Though Reinhardt is still the man of the West for which Stanislavski feels such condescending pity, his emphasis on the importance of the *Festspiele*, in which great masses of people are to find a renewal of spirit, is a restatement of Stanislavski's belief in the duty of the theatre to its audience.

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THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY

AMERICAN RECOGNITION of Soviet Russia—this 'happy event,' in the suave language of Maxim Litvinov's farewell address—lends a special interest to the technical developments of the U. S. S. R. during the past sixteen years. Reporting on 'Science in Soviet Russia' in a supplement to the *New Leader* of London, J. G. Crowther puts the total number of research institutes in Russia at 1,560, and the number of research workers at 40,000. Seventy-six of the institutes, including the extremely active Lenin Agricultural Academy, are devoted to agricultural research and another hundred are attached to the Commissariat for Public Health. The key position in Soviet science is held by the Academy of Science, with headquarters at Leningrad. Ninety-four academicians, twelve hundred specialists, and nearly seven hundred assistants are continuously at work here, supervising the activities of some fifty institutes, laboratories, museums, and experimental stations. Researches on climate, weather and soils, on plant and animal life, on health and disease; geological surveys from Turkestan to Archangel; chemical and physical studies leading to socially important results—all this intellectual activity has justified itself so fully that appropriations for its continuance have increased from 72 million rubles in 1929 to over 250 million in 1932, figures that suggest comparison with the 37 per cent *reduction* of funds allocated this year to the United States Department of Agriculture alone.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION in Russia parallels the intensive development of advanced scientific work. Official figures released by the *Soviet Union Review* show that at the beginning of the present school year (October) the Commissariat for Heavy Industries controlled 116 advanced technical schools, attended by 130,000 pupils, and 291 technical high schools, with about 120,000 pupils. During the first Five-year Plan the number of students who had completed intermediate and higher technical training courses increased from 493,000 to 973,000. In 1932 the higher educational institutions of the Soviet Union registered over half a million students, whereas in 1914 the 'Holy Russia' of the Tsars showed its appreciation of knowledge by permitting about half that number to attend 114 lower and higher educational institutions. Small wonder that the Russian's passion for learning is so keen as to require the printing of 45 million copies of new text-books to be used in the Russian Soviet Republic alone, or that, in Moscow, 200 schools are equipped with cinema apparatus to be used this year in the teaching of chemistry, biology, geology, and literature.

THERE ARE DIFFICULTIES, of course. Inexperience, red tape, lack of coördination, and numerous administrative blunders have accounted, among other things, for the extraordinary excess of 'swivel-chair' experts over field workers in agriculture. The chief problem now is to see that those young people who are being trained at such expense are put to actual work on the jobs for which they are best equipped. In this connection an order issued in September by the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet Union is of interest. Admitting that there is still a grave shortage of engineers and technicians in industry despite an increase of nearly 500,000 technically trained men during the last five years, the order points out that too much valuable time and talent are wasted in routine activities of office and management. To correct this situation, young graduates of state-maintained, technical institutions are required to spend a preliminary five-year period in actual industrial work, assignment to

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office activities during that time being expressly forbidden. To facilitate this very practical measure the student must be informed a year before the completion of his studies concerning the special branch of industry to which he will be assigned by the Commissariat of his college. This will enable him, or her,—sex lines are very weak in Russia,—to coördinate theoretical studies with the practical problems later to be confronted in the field. One section of this order which will rasp the sensibilities of all individualists, rugged or ragged, is that which subjects to legal prosecution any student who attempts to 'go on his own' in direct opposition to the arrangements made for his preliminary field experience. Exceptions, however, will be made in the case of a few highly gifted students: certain young people, up to 5 per cent of the total enrollment, will be allowed to continue their education in the higher branches without an intervening five-year term of practical training. This provision would seem to show that the Soviet Union does not consider 'regimentation' a virtue in itself. Certainly, in view of the appalling labor turnover in almost every field of industry and administration and considering the huge sums freely spent for educational purposes, the Government may be expected to insist upon some measure of coöperation from those technically trained men whose immense value to the 'building of Socialism' was so consistently emphasized and defended by Lenin.

SOVIET AVIATION, tragically advertised by the recent crack-up of the gigantic 120-passenger chromo-molybdous steel K-7 plane, has been advancing so rapidly in extent and variety of services offered that an official report credits Russia with having achieved third place in world aviation in 1932, being surpassed only by the United States and Germany. This claim justifies presenting a few of the supporting figures, as given in the *Soviet Union Review*.

Since 1923, when civil aviation was first established in the U. S. S. R., air-line mileage increased from 1,066 to 34,190 miles. In 1932 air traffic handled 27,200 passengers (nearly ten times those carried in 1923), 1,050,400 ton-miles of freight, and 429.7 tons of mail. American air lines, however, carried twice as many passengers in the single month of June 1933, as the Russian lines did in the entire year.

In agriculture Soviet airplanes have proved an indispensable aid. During 1932 an area of 1,029,600 acres was protected against insect pests from the air, another 1,406 acres of land were cleared of malarial mosquito larvae, and 21,600,000 acres were patrolled in combating forest fires. This year it is planned to sow 360,000 acres by plane—a method that permits seeding in the early spring, much to the advantage of the crops, and is also effective in muddy soil. Twenty different crops have been experimented with in this way. Other air services include fighting early frosts by spreading smoke clouds over planted fields and tentative experiments in the melting of snow. An area of 80,000 square miles was photographed from the air, and much valuable scouting work in the Arctic is constantly being done, chiefly to facilitate hunting polar bears, seals, and other northern animals.

Criticism of the disaster to the huge K-7 plane, which cost 14 lives, must take account of the fact that although the machine itself was of purely Russian workmanship the six powerful motors were of foreign manufacture, as were those of the ANT-14 plane which crashed in September. Undeterred by these setbacks, the more costly because of the loss of valuable technical talent, Soviet Russia continues with its aviation developments, experimenting with many new types of planes and gliders and training its future aviators in its fifteen special air schools. Arrangements recently concluded between the Soviet government and the Curtiss-Wright Corporation of this country provide for the intensive technical education

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of fourteen Soviet engineers, who later will direct the manufacture of Wright airplane motors in Russia under a licensing agreement with the corporation.

'OBSOLETE MEN' was the title of a highly informative article on technological unemployment in one of last year's issues of *Fortune*. From England come some new facts to show that this phrase is anything but a misnomer. The author of the following extract from the November issue of *Labour* is Mr. W. Sherwood, President of the Engineering and Shipbuilding Trades Federation. Commenting on the proposal for a forty-hour week, he writes:—

> There are reconstructed blast furnaces in use whose productive capacity has been increased to 4,000 tons per day, where formerly 1,500 tons were produced. At these furnaces a charger car has been introduced that automatically unloads the bunker, ore, coke, or limestone into a large container. This container is also a weighing machine. The operator in charge knows the exact quantity going into the box and controls the operation by which the load is deposited upon the elevator that ascends and automatically charges the furnace. Where formerly 89 men were employed at front and back of the furnace, there are now only three—the operator, a charger driver, and a loading man.

Mr. Sherwood gives further examples, most of which are already familiar enough to mechanical and industrial engineers: Steel locomotive wheel rims, which once required between 15 and 20 hours to turn, are now finished in an hour and twenty minutes; automatic machinery can produce over 16,000 brass nuts in eight hours; a shipwelder with a blow-lamp can replace ten old style riveters; three of them can accomplish the work of 30 or 40 angle-smiths—and so on. From this it is easy to understand why the National Advisory Council of the Netherlands in a discussion of the 40-hour week calculated that its adoption would not increase employment by more than 13 per cent and only at the cost of greatly reduced wages all around.

It is not difficult to understand the futility of various attempts being made, if not actually to wreck machinery, at least to disallow or heavily to tax its use. The Nazis have agitated considerably over this problem: witness the effort to suppress cigarette-making machinery. In the United States, quite recently, Mr. Ornburn, President of the Cigar Makers' International Union of America, seriously proposed not only that machines be put under 'contribution' on the basis of every one thousand cigars produced, but that the fund so accumulated be used 'to pay $10 a week for each worker they displace until such time as the worker is absorbed elsewhere.' The last clause is particularly sardonic in view of the fact that the American Federation of Labor, with which the Union is affiliated, reports an 11,000 rise in unemployment in October, putting the total of jobless at well over ten million.

Consider this concrete situation. In the United States in 1931 nearly six billion cigars were manufactured for the market, according to the most recent figures released by the Department of Agriculture. Taking only half of this production to be mechanical in the sense meant by Mr. Ornburn and putting the 'contribution' of the machinery at 50 cents per thousand, we get the sum of a million and a half dollars. This may not greatly disturb the ultimate consumer, but, at $10 a week and assuming—very conservatively—that there are only 10,000 unemployed cigar makers in the United States, this odd 'machine tax' would maintain them just about four months—hardly enough time in these days to guarantee satisfactory employment 'elsewhere.' If we double the tax, or have a sliding scale, more machines will be needed to absorb the rising cost. Hence fewer workers and more 'relief.' Or people might start to 'roll their own.'

FOOD PROBLEMS in the United States are very capably analyzed and discussed in a recently published volume on the *Economics of Food Consumption* (McGraw-Hill Co.). Written by Edith Hawley, formerly connected with the Bureau of Home Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture, this book

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gives the results of an investigation into the food habits and dietary patterns of nearly 32,000 American families. Although considerable attention is paid to orthodox economic factors—marketing, cost of living, price indices, and food legislation—Miss Hawley recognizes that 'without consumption . . . our great economic system would have no reason for existing' and that 'the purpose of the consumer is the utilization of wealth for his greatest welfare.'

Here are some of the more interesting facts brought out in her studies: of the 75 to 100 food products entering into the American diet, about 13 account for nearly four-fifths of the total food energy required. These are: beef, pork, and other meats; fish, milk, eggs, and cheese; butter, margarine, and lard; bread, flour, sugar, and potatoes.

The average American man engaged in moderately active work consumes, *per week*, a little over a pound of beef and pork, one-half pound of other meats, one-fourth pound of fish, about three and one-half quarts of milk; five eggs, one-half pound of cheese (per month), three-fourths pound of fat, three and one-half pounds of flour, one and one-half pounds of sugar, and about ten medium-sized potatoes.

Reduced to their actual nutritive value, 12 basic foods supply, per man per day, 74 grams of protein, 0.68 gram of calcium, 1.06 grams of phosphorus, 0.0095 gram of iron, all yielding 2,533 large calories. Using Sherman's standard, this representative consumption meets the requirements in regard to protein and calcium, falls short in phosphorus and iron, and gives only 84 per cent of the 3,000 calories per day regarded by Sherman as necessary to human metabolism under American conditions.

The relatively low consumption of milk, fruit, and vegetables is a constant threat of vitamin deficiency; even the cereals which supply from 30 to 40 per cent of energy lose most of their vitamin and mineral value in the processing. The loss is most marked in regard to vitamins E, F, and G, so essential as preventives of sterility, neuritis, and pellagra.

Among residents of foreign extraction in the United States it appears that the North European, particularly the Slav, consumes the most meat and the Negro the least, the latter using twice as much pork as beef. Slavs lead also in total cereal and potato consumption, and sugar is an important part in the diet of all North Europeans. Of wheat bread the Jews consume most, and the addiction of these people to rich foods may be a cause of the diabetes so prevalent among them.

In regard to food costs, an average of 43 per cent of the budget is spent for this item, the range going from about 35 per cent to over 60 per cent (compare with Gamble's average of a little over 50 per cent for a representative group of Chinese families in Peiping). On the basis of 1927 prices the average amount spent for raw food in the United States is $158 per year, or 43.2 cents per day. In terms of energy this works out at 13.8 cents per 1,000 calories, 47 cents per 100 grams of protein, 52.1 cents per gram of calcium, 29.6 cents per gram of phosphorus, and 2.8 cents per milligram of iron.

—HAROLD WARD

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Luc Durtain on America

LUC DURTAIN, who is known to Americans for his satire of prohibition and puritanism, comments on his last trip to the U. S. A. in more kindly terms. The America of the depression has found a sympathizer where the America of the golden age encountered a satirist. To his interviewer, René Maine of the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, he says:—

Profound misery has always existed in the tenements of the large Eastern cities and in the mining districts, but after the War the West was indeed a privileged land. Along the entire Pacific coast poverty had disappeared. To-day in Los Angeles alone 500,000 people are living on charity. Everywhere, in New York, in San Francisco, dignified passers-by come up to you, offering hairpins or chewing gum: one guesses the history behind such cases. Chicago knows the horrors of 'flop-town'; it is even worse than what I saw during my visit to Hamburg, just before the accession of Hitler. In America, moreover, ostentatious riches and abject poverty are in a proximity that is truly menacing. In New York misery dwells a few blocks from Wall Street, glittering Park Avenue peters out to Italian slums, and Columbia University is next-door neighbor to Harlem.

Against this background a building more gigantic than the Empire State has been erected—Roosevelt's N. R. A. Will it really be adopted by the employers? Let us not stop to consider opposition of the Henry Ford variety: in America it is looked upon as just another publicity stunt. Governors and committees are directing the execution of the new codes. On the other hand, the justice of the N. R. A. is still incomplete. Will it be able to satisfy the worker? I have spoken to many of them. Their salaries increase, they say, but so does the cost of living. Thus the two wheels of the bicycle move forward without coming any closer together. To-day Roosevelt has the whole country behind him. To-morrow . . .

René Maine questioned Luc Durtain about American youth and received this reply:—

The younger generation is working hand in hand with its elders. There is not the breach between them that we so often see in Europe. In America childhood and youth are not considered a period of preparation for life; they are not means to an end but an end in themselves. Everything has been done to prevent youth from suffering too much during this last crisis. The universities—even those that are dependent upon the gifts of private individuals—carry on pretty much as usual. In the schools all kinds of ingenious devices have been invented, even sandwich collections. On the other hand, American youth must look forward to a future in which it cannot hope to find a place.

At this point the interviewer asked Luc Durtain whether America's attitude toward Europe and France had changed in recent years.

We must make a distinction between the East, which is familiar with our continent, and the West, whose attention is directed toward Asia. During the last earthquake in California many people thought themselves the victims of a Japanese bombardment. It must be said, however, that in this present crisis the Americans are too deeply concerned about their domestic affairs to take more

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than slight interest in European problems.

On the other hand the depression has brought them closer to Europe; the difference between the two is not as pronounced as heretofore, for the Americans are no longer success worshippers. In the past, ideas were ostracized. Thought belonged to those who were so scornfully labeled 'high-brows.' Material welfare was considered enough for man. To-day every kind of intellectual adventure is being boldly undertaken. The conflict between mechanical civilization and spiritual civilization that is the original contribution of our epoch is taking on a new importance in the U. S. A. This is the most astounding thing that came to my attention during my last trip.

In Behalf of Roosevelt

At a time when nearly all the Tories in England are criticizing President Roosevelt's currency policies, it is refreshing to come upon this endorsement written by Arthur Kitson, a British engineer, inventor, and economist who has been advocating money reform for the past forty years:—

Never was a people so readily deceived nor so easily subdued as the British public of the present period. All one has to do is to raise the cry 'inflation,' and straightway all classes turn aside from the only road leading to safety, plenty, peace, and happiness. Fortunately for our transatlantic neighbors, they have at last found A MAN as President who understands the bankers' game and is not afraid of their shouts and threats.

There is but one remedy for the world crisis: an increase of the money supplies—not in the banks, but in the pockets of the people, enabling them to buy more goods. The present problem is not one of production as it was a century ago. It is wholly one of consumption, which depends upon an adequate supply and a proper distribution of money.

The post-war period ushered in an entirely new era, unlike any former period in the world's history, a period in which man's inventive genius has placed within mankind's reach boundless wealth, sufficient for every inhabitant of this planet to enjoy life without encroaching upon supplies needed by any of his fellows, a period in which Nature's powers have been harnessed to machinery for furnishing all the necessaries and most of the so-called luxuries of life, thereby releasing man from the original curse. And yet amidst all this abundance, we are inundated with myriads of starving, ragged people, all because our officials have not the intelligence to see that the old economic theories have become fallacies, the old monetary and banking systems unworkable, and that just as our productive methods to which we owe this age of plenty have been revolutionized, so our entire economic system must be reorganized.

A Prophecy by Macaulay

At a time when so many contemporary Tories are prophesying disaster for the United States, it is not unseemly to turn back to a letter Lord Macaulay wrote to the Honorable H. S. Randall of New York on May 23, 1857. Not only does it express many of the same thoughts that are coming to-day from such gentlemen of the old school as the Honorable Alfred E. Smith, but it anticipates several recent developments:—

You are surprised to learn that I have not a high opinion of Mr. Jefferson, and I am surprised at your surprise. I am certain that I never wrote a line and that I never in parliament, in conversation, or even on the hustings—a place where it is

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the fashion to court the populace—uttered a word indicating the opinion that the supreme authority in a state ought to be intrusted to the majority of citizens—in other words, to the poorest and most ignorant part of society. I have long been convinced that institutions purely democratic must, sooner or later, destroy liberty or civilization, or both.

What happened lately in France is an example. In 1848 a pure democracy was established there. During a short time there was a strong reason to expect a general spoliation, a national bankruptcy, a new partition of the soil, a maximum of prices, a ruinous load of taxation laid on the rich for the purpose of supporting the poor in idleness. Happily the danger was averted, and now there is a despotism, a silent tribune, an enslaved press: liberty is gone, but civilization has been saved.

I have not the smallest doubt that, if we had a purely democratic government here, the effect would be the same. Either the poor would plunder the rich, and civilization would perish; or order and property would be saved by a strong military government, and liberty would perish. You may think that your country enjoys an exemption from these evils. I will frankly own to you that I am of a very different opinion. Your fate I believe to be certain, though it is deferred by a physical cause. As long as you have a boundless extent of fertile and unoccupied land, your laboring population will be far more at ease than the laboring population of the Old World; and while that is the case, the Jeffersonian policy may continue to exist without causing any fatal calamity. But the time will come when New England will be so thickly peopled as Old England. Then your institutions will be fairly brought to the test. Distress everywhere makes the laborer mutinous and discontented and inclines him to listen with eagerness to agitators who tell him that it is a monstrous iniquity that one man should have a million while another cannot get a full meal.

I have seen England three or four times pass through such critical seasons as I have described. Through such seasons the United States will have to pass in the course of the next century, if not of this. How will you pass through them? I heartily wish you a good deliverance. But my reason and my wishes are at war, and I cannot help foreboding the worst. It is quite plain that your government will never be able to restrain a distressed and discontented majority.

I seriously apprehend that you will, in some such season of adversity as I have described, do things that will prevent prosperity from returning, that you will act like people in a year of scarcity, devour all the seedcorn, and thus make the next year a year not of scarcity but of absolute failure. There will be, I fear, spoliation; the spoliation will increase distress; the distress will produce fresh spoliation: there is nothing to stay you. As I said before, when society has entered on this downward progress either civilization or liberty must perish. Either some Cæsar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand, or your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth—with this difference: that the Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman Empire came from without and that your Huns and Vandals will have engendered within your country by your own institutions.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

CHINESE DESTINIES. *By Agnes Smedley. New York: Vanguard Press. 1933. $3.00.*

AMERICAN readers who have found it hard to reconcile the archaic serenity of recent books on China, notably Pearl Buck's *The Good Earth*, with the meagre news accounts in the daily press of civil wars and mass slaughter will be grateful to Agnes Smedley for what is perhaps the best portrait of China, written in English, since the fall of the Manchu dynasty. *Chinese Destinies* reveals four hundred million people, comprising the world's greatest semi-colony, in the throes of a gigantic, social conflict that is likely to prove as decisive an event in world history as the late War.

It is true that China is an agrarian country and that its poverty-stricken millions live bound to the soil in a feudal relationship, but Miss Smedley does not portray the peasant as a suffering Job, nor does she imply that an age-old economic system is eternal. The peasant is on the march, the Red Army continues to gain, and the fires of the agrarian, anti-imperialistic revolution, which has reached the stage of open civil war, spread from Fukien to Manchuria. This vast struggle is revealed through a series of remarkable sketches, life stories, and vignettes. Miss Smedley, who has lived for several years in China and knows the language perfectly, has permitted the Chinese to speak for themselves. The horror of some of these tales is matched only by the extreme heroism that shines through others. We are indebted to *Chinese Destinies* for the excellent picture it gives not only of a great centre of world conflict but of some amazing individuals whom this conflict has brought forth.

J. G.

INSTITUTIONAL BEHAVIOR, ESSAYS TOWARD A REINTERPRETATION OF CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL ORGANIZATION. *By Floyd Henry Allport. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1933. $3.50.*

THIS large volume brings together twenty-two essays written at various times by one of America's best-known psychologists. All centre upon the problem of the individual in one or another of his group capacities: political, economic, familial, educational, and religious. The good life, public opinion, the problem of leisure, social planning, the home, school, and church, patriotism, corporations, and industrial patterns—these are some of the subjects Professor Allport discusses from a consistently individualistic point of view. For him, institutions, of whatever kind and however necessary, are regrettable because they tend to invade the private world of individual values; his 'society of the future is one in which we shall not sacrifice to social regimentation our greater need for spontaneous human fellowship nor the insights which come from solitude and reflection.' It is to-day a neat problem for all social thinkers: how the increasing centralization of social forces may be reconciled with that decentralization of human impulses known as individualism—rugged or otherwise.

H. W.

FOUNDATIONS FOR THE WORLD'S NEW AGE OF PLENTY. *By Fred Henderson. New York: The John Day Company. 1933. $1.00.*

FRED HENDERSON'S two previous books, *The Economic Consequences of Power Production* and *Money Power and Human Life*, have already received high praise in our columns as models of clear thought, sound judgment, and logical exposition. His latest little one hundred-page volume contains few ideas that he has not expounded at greater length before, but it is the most explicit statement of his conclusions that he has yet presented. According to Mr. Henderson the paradox of want in the midst of potential plenty is due exclusively to the institution of private property which prevents the vast dispossessed majority of mankind from acquiring the goods it produces. Professor Sprague's gold standard and Major Douglas's Social Credit proposals are equally futile and pernicious—futile in that both fail to recognize finance as merely the instrument through which private property exacts its murderous toll, pernicious in that they both distract attention from 'the task on which all the energy for social change should now be concentrated,' to wit, 'the transfer of our real producing resources from the property system into social possession as a Social Estate.' Because Mr. Henderson never lets us forget

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that the science of economics is solely concerned with the production and distribution of goods, he weakens his case by omitting from this book the occasional excursions from argument into illustration that made his earlier essays so convincing.

Q. H.

FAR EASTERN FRONT. *By Edgar Snow. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. 1933. $3.75.*

IF ex-general-staff officer Kiokatsu Sato of Japan represented any large body of official opinion when he wrote, 'We cannot help but hate and despise these people [of the United States] who have perpetrated all kinds of crimes and violence against the Japanese race;' it is to be feared that Mr. Snow's *Far Eastern Front* will not go far toward the amelioration of that feeling. The average prep-school lad might have done a far better piece of editing than was done on this book from the standpoint of historic knowledge, from that of grammar and style, and from the standard of proofreading achieved.

To say that the book abounds in errors of history, geography, spelling, and judgment is mild and humane criticism. One wonders how fond of his job a Consolidated Press correspondent of five years' experience in the Far East must be, when he can make the bald statements that a certain tribe of Temulin's Tartars [sic] called themselves Mongols; that Manchu civilization is 'Sinoized' because it received its culture from China—whereas Japan is 'essentially different' despite the fact that it received as much from the same fountainhead; that the Washington Naval Conference took place in 1923; that the Japs have a trained army of 5,000,000; that Austria [sic] forced concessions from China at the mouth of cannon; that Shinto is a religion of militant imperialism, and so forth *ad nauseam*. After the first fifty pages one is ready to discredit every sentence.

American staff correspondents might send home more enlightened reports if some of them would only take the trouble occasionally to read one or two of the seventy-six works mentioned in the brazen bibliography of the book under discussion: not that these are worth much, but only that they might save us from further tabloid abominations such as *Far Eastern Front*. The fact that the publishers claim 'Mr. Snow has interpreted the Orient at war as Maurice Hindus has interpreted life in Russia after the Revolution' explains our indignation.

L. W. E.

THE METHOD AND THEORY OF ETHNOLOGY. *By Paul Radin. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. 1933. $2.50.*

PROFESSOR PAUL RADIN has written an essay criticizing certain prevailing schools of ethnology which, incidentally, will furnish the layman with several interesting case histories concerning the culture of the Western American Indian. He objects strenuously to the assumptions of the sociological ethnologists, who 'assume' that aboriginal peoples are inferior in mentality to ourselves. He objects also to the scientific ethnologists, who treat cultures as so many species or genera. He praises the theorists, but criticizes most of them. As the title indicates, Radin has attempted to posit a sound method that will reconcile conflicting procedures among scholars. He believes that ethnologists have weakened their positions by being overarticulate on the subject of method. Perhaps the basic pattern of the entire work may be summed up in the sentence: 'Ethnology deals with culture, and that should effectively dispose of any attempt to graft upon it a method appropriate to the natural sciences.' He blames most of our leading ethnologists for having 'emotional antagonism to what they term theoretical speculations for their own sake,' holding that the pedantic-scientific outlook is deadening the value of the subject. Readers seeking information on origins, distribution, or peculiarities of peoples or cultures other than American Indians will be disappointed; there is not a reference to an Aryan or even to a Mongol.

L. W. E.

SOCIAL CREDIT. *By C. H. Douglas. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 1933. $2.00.*

AMERICAN readers may now obtain a little first-hand knowledge of the 'new economics' associated with the name of Major C. H. Douglas, the English engineer who, with Arthur Kitson and others, has long been advocating the theory of Social Credit. This small volume (which first appeared in 1924) develops the thesis that 'a system of society

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which depends for its structure on the theory of rewards and punishments [as expressed through a money criterion] seems to involve, fundamentally, a general condition of scarcity and discontent.' Douglas's critique of the classical economics is often very shrewd, but it is unfortunate that so little attention is paid to the concrete factors of power production, which, in the United States at least, are likely to have the last word. The chapters on finance, taxation, debt, capital, and credit, for all their speculative ingenuity and erudition, seem to belong to another, and curiously unreal, world. The statement, 'We can only defeat money power with money power,' might suggest, to some cynical engineer unskilled in metaphysics, the variation, 'We can only defeat a flood by an irrigation project—or a drought by moving to the desert.' It is also noticeable that, on the root issues of property and ownership, Major Douglas writes like a man who would like to eat his cake and have it too.

H. W.

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE. *By James Henry Breasted. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1933.*

THIS compact, handsomely illustrated volume by the director of the famous Oriental Institute provides both student and layman with a valuable account of some of the most important archæological activities of the past thirty years. The very authoritative text deals with such matters as the background and development of the Institute; its numerous field expeditions in Egypt and Western Asia, including Iraq; new documents and objects discovered and their significance for human history, with methods and results. Dr. Breasted has crowded an immense amount of factual material in what appears to be a routine report of the extraordinarily varied researches he directs. As a reference work in recent archæology, and because of its numerous excellent pictures, many of them in color, the volume should find a place in the library of everyone interested in the social sciences.

H. W.

ABORTION: LEGAL OR ILLEGAL? *By A. J. Rongy, M.D. New York: Vanguard Press. 1933. $2.00.*

DR. RONGY is to be commended for having written a courageous, well informed, and intelligent book on one of the most difficult social problems of our day. After showing how the moral prejudice against abortion developed out of the doctrines of Christianity and citing some of the more emphatic pronouncements of the Catholic and Protestant Churches with regard to the question, Dr. Rongy proceeds to give some of the 'social costs' involved in maintaining the criminal status of the act. He gives the estimate of over two million abortions per year in this country and compares it with equally high figures in other countries. In Soviet Moscow, forty thousand abortions legally performed resulted in only two deaths; in America, it is likely that more than fifteen thousand women lose their lives yearly through the 'abortion racket,' as Dr. Rongy terms it, giving many poignant illustrations from actual cases. No one who is interested in social questions as they touch on medical practices should ignore this small but enlightening volume.

H. W.

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WITH THE ADVISORY COUNCIL

MEMBERS of our Advisory Council differ as sharply as the general public over the President's currency policy. Professor Raymond Moley, editor of *Today*, spoke as follows before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences:—

'A return to the gold standard would be the most tragic shock this country ever had. You go down to the lower end of Manhattan and ask ten bankers what they think of it. Nine out of ten of them would say no. I don't know where Mr. Smith got his ideas on that score. I think that silver ought very definitely to be reëstablished as a medium of exchange through raising its price. As to its remonetization, there is grave question among economists.'

BUT if James P. Warburg, who also belongs to our Advisory Council, were one of the bankers you asked, he would give you a different answer and would advocate a 'modernized gold standard,' as he did in a letter to Senator Borah:—

'I am sorry that some of our monetary theorists did not have the opportunity that I had to take part in the discussions of the "gold committee" of the London conference, because I feel certain that they would have come away with the inescapable conclusion that international agreement on anything other than a modernized gold standard was quite out of the question. And I repeat what I said in Philadelphia, that it is inconceivable to me that any national currency system that we might adopt could work satisfactorily in the long run unless it were likewise accepted by a majority of other nations.'

BUT Frank A. Vanderlip, chairman of the Committee for the Nation and a member of our Advisory Council, has attacked the opponents of the Administration as follows:—

'In my opinion, it would be unfortunate for America if the advice now so generally offered to stabilize and return to the old gold standard were followed. I feel that so-called orthodox opinion has failed to take into consideration the full significance of an adoption of the policy recommended. I have no wish to become controversial either on the side of crystallized banking opinion or on the side of the present Administration programme, but I do desire to think out clearly the implications of each point of view. My conclusion is that the opponents of the Administration policy are at present proposing a course dangerous in its immediate effect and carrying with it the fatal weakness of the gold standard, as developed during the post-war period.'

WE HAVE recently asked the members of our Advisory Council to give us their opinion of Harold Ward's new department, 'The Sciences and Society,' and several of the replies that have come in seem well worth reproducing here. Senator Bronson Cutting of New Mexico writes:—

'I have been delighted with the new department, "The Sciences and Society." This goes both for the idea and the way in which it has been handled. I sincerely hope that it will continue.'

FROM Dean Winslow S. Anderson of Rollins College comes the endorsement of a scientist:—

'I was very glad, indeed, to note that with the August number you had inaugurated a new department, namely, "The Sciences and Society." I like both the form and the content of this department. As a scientist and an educator I have long felt that some American magazine should undertake the task of acquainting its readers with a survey of the advances in the technological sciences. I should say, by all means, to continue it

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and, in fact, to enlarge it. Certainly the history of the world has been molded by the discovery by science of new uses for old raw materials.'

WE WERE also flattered to receive this letter from Dr. George Crile of Cleveland:—

'I most heartily approve of the plan now in operation of reporting the latest and most important developments in the whole field of the sciences and of indicating the social implications of these developments. The articles already published have been valuable.'

PRESIDENT RAY LYMAN WILBUR of Stanford University also expresses his commendation:—

'The currents of history are often determined by the flow of wheat, the sources of fuel supplies, new developments in the textile and transportation industries, and so forth, so that I consider the department of "The Sciences and Society" in THE LIVING AGE both timely and interesting. The handling of these topics is well done.'

MR. WILLIAM M. BLATT, a Boston attorney, writes at greater length:—

'"The Sciences and Society" is thoroughly satisfactory to me, and I derive much pleasure from reading it, which I do regularly. To say that Mr. Ward treads lightly on my toes now and then is a compliment. It may be due to my inability to keep step with him mentally, and at worst it means that we are traveling in the same direction with slight variations, for he never stamps on my feet or pushes me off my course.

'Mr. Ward is of the school which believes that technical changes in industry affect economic life so vitally that unless the sails of the ship of state are trimmed to meet them there is a probability of capsizing. There is, of course, a feeble effort on the part of our most conservative statesmen to reef a jib once in a while in recognition of the obvious squall, but, when the tornado looms in the offing, most of the antiquated skippers sit around and mutter imprecations or talk confidently about the latest half-cracked panacea which has popped into and out of the mind of a politician or a school teacher.

'What the world needs is as many educators as possible of the type of the editors of THE LIVING AGE, who have no axes to grind, who are not to be frightened by new ideas, strange words, or disquieting statistics, and who do not believe that words of hope will make the sun shine, that all foreign ideas are bad, that all changes are catastrophes, that what has worked for fifty years will work another fifty years, and that the poor are always unreasonable.

'Let me add three cheers for the modest editor who undertakes the dangerous and usually thankless rôle of prophet in defiance of Josh Billings's injunction, "Don't prophesy unless ye know."'

RECENT additions to the Advisory Council include C. G. Grier, head master of Bishops College School, Lennoxville, Canada; Dr. Alice Hamilton, assistant professor of Industrial Medicine at the Harvard Medical School; Joseph Hudnut, acting dean of the Columbia University School of Architecture; Arthur B. Lane, United States Minister to Nicaragua; Paul H. Linehan, president of the College of the City of New York, evening session; Raymond Moley, editor of *Today;* Professor Jesse S. Reeves, University of Michigan; Osbert Sitwell, British novelist; Graham Spry, editor of the Toronto *Farmer's Sun;* Charles C. Tillinghast, principal of the Horace Mann School, New York; Jacob Viner, editor of the *Journal of Political Economy*, Chicago; Edward P. Warner, editor of *Aviation;* Harry W. Watrous, president of the National Academy of Design, New York.

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CORRESPONDENCE

FROM Oak Hill Farm in Buffalo, Kansas, comes the following letter prompted by the article in our November issue on 'The Revolution in Agriculture' and containing a wealth of practical information:—

BUFFALO, KANSAS

TO THE EDITOR:—

I hope you will allow me to express my appreciation of the comprehensive editorial discussion in your November issue on 'The Revolution in Agriculture.'

As a farmer I agree with almost all of your conclusions. But I feel that the supreme errors in the foreign policy of the United States Government during the last decade always should be pointed out in connection with any mention of the decline in our agricultural exports.

It seems to me that your mention of prospective industrial uses of farm products, such as the development of grain alcohol for motor fuel, was quite timely. And I certainly agree with your belief that 'we cannot complain of overproduction until the last Hottentot is riding in his own Rolls-Royce.' But the common inference in your next sentence, that 'the last Hottentot cannot consume more than a fixed quantity of food,' is misleading from the standpoint of farm management, despite its common acceptance by most agricultural students and farm-organization leaders.

Like many another alleged axiom on the border line of half-truth, it leads to economic conclusions far afield from a correct diagnosis of the problems of overproduction. That always has been plain to men on the soil. But unfortunately it has been extremely difficult to convey their point of view to residents of metropolitan areas. This idea, in brief, completely ignores the factor of quality in foods and the technique necessary for production. A practical effect of this omission is that many American homes on the higher economic levels, where the price paid for food is of little or no consideration, are being run on relatively low nutritive levels. In other words, there is an amazingly large consumption of tough beef, wilted vegetables, dirty milk, and poor eggs and bacon by people who can afford to pay for higher grades, and in a hazy sort of way desire to purchase the best.

New York City, as an illustration, is notorious among sales executives of packing houses through its extensive demands for poor meats. The tonnage of tough beef, for example, which is going into the community is entirely out of line with the segment of your population living on low incomes. This can only mean that a great deal of it is being used in well-to-do homes where the housewife is ignorant of flavor and quality in steaks and roasts, and also in public eating houses controlled by a management that believes in buying inferior raw materials.

The practical application of such a set-up, which exists in many urban centres over the United States, is quite important from the standpoint of farm management. Countrymen generally have been driven by inadequate market prices to 'give 'em what they want.' Perhaps I can illustrate a common agricultural effect by telling of my major activities last week on this ranch.

I sold my 3-year-old steers, which had attained an average weight of 1,300 pounds on grass, to the killers at 3½ cents a pound, and at the same time marketed my old corn for 40 cents a bushel. Trucks were hauling both products from Oak Hill Farm at the same time. These transactions supplied a clear example of rural results brought by the obsession for low quality food that apparently is inherent to metropolitan areas. If the cities really wanted good beef and were willing to pay for it, I should have combined the steers with my old corn and a considerable part of the crop grown in 1933, along with various other concentrated feeds. In that event there would have been some increase in weight by the animals, but the major effect of this expensive ration would have been to put the steaks and roasts from these steers in really prime condition. Similar illustrations may be cited with eggs, milk, vegetables, and all other farm products.

This downward course in the quality of American food supplies can be demonstrated mathematically with practically all rural commodities. The proportion of 'good' steers sold on the Chicago market 'out of first hands for slaughter,' for instance, declined from 50.4 per

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cent in 1929 to 37.6 per cent in 1932. Obviously the effect of this amazing indifference to good food will presently become evident on the physical fabric of the American 'upper classes.'

I believe that editors of the nation's magazines soon will see that this trend is sufficiently rich in human interest to deserve more adequate treatment in their books.

Sincerely yours,

F. B. NICHOLS

Mr. Rufus S. Tucker of the Bancamerica-Blair Corporation offers this criticism of Bassett Jones's article on 'Science and Economics' that appeared in our October issue:—

NEW YORK, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR:—

As a member of the Advisory Council, may I chide you for your October number?

Several editorial passages in this number imply that the gold standard was a burden of which the world is now well rid, and that it is upheld only by certain old fogies, like Montagu Norman, who are on the way to justly deserved oblivion. This implication is in my opinion wholly unwarranted and contrary to facts. There is no statistical evidence that abandoning the gold standard ever helped any country, and there is a vast amount of statistical evidence that it injured not only the countries that have been guilty, but the rest of the world as well.

As a professional economist, I have a wide acquaintance among professional economists, and I may say that the overwhelming majority of those who are so qualified, both by academic training and practical experience, are convinced that the currency tinkering that has been going on for the last three years, based on incorrect reasoning, has been harmful in its effects, and that the restoration of the gold standard is essential for the return of prosperity. I may be more specific and state that, without exception, every economist of my acquaintance who judged the situation correctly in 1929 is opposed to so-called managed currency at the present time.

You have also an article by Mr. Bassett Jones, attacking economists as a class and alleging that economics is not a science or has not yet been treated as one because of the absence of exact measurements. It is true that the two economists quoted by Mr. Jones in support of his thesis are well chosen for that purpose. Professor Warren and Mr. Keynes, in spite of the enthusiasm of the one and the beguiling literary style of the other, are not regarded as authorities by a very large number of economists. Their appeal has been to the general public. Mr. Jones's criticism of the quantity theory of money is correct, since that theory as commonly expounded is plainly contradicted by the available data. His criticism of the law of demand and supply indicates in my opinion complete ignorance on his part of what that law is and the relation it bears to the science of economics. But criticisms of this sort come with ill grace from a man like Mr. Jones, who has himself been guilty of perpetrating an amazing theory of the relation between credit and production, based on a method of handling statistics that, however well it may be suited for engineering problems, is not acceptable in scientific economic discussions.

The science of economics suffers from the fact that everyone who can read and write English thinks himself competent to expound his views on economic subjects. And it might have been better for the world if economists had developed a technical jargon like that of the medical profession, which makes it necessary even for quacks to be exposed for a few years to the accumulated body of medical learning before being permitted to practice. Even in the medical profession, however, competent physicians are often confused in the public mind with unqualified or unscrupulous practitioners. In both professions the qualities that make for sound thinking seem to be inconsistent with those that make for skillful publicity.

I suggest that before you hail Mr. Bassett Jones as the prophet of a new era in economics you wait until his book has been properly treated by competent economists—unless you are of the opinion that there are no such persons. And before concluding that inflation under the guise of managed currency is a good thing, it would be wise to find one single case in the world's history in which a country has been benefited by inflation or in which managed currency has worked successfully.

Very truly yours,

RUFUS S. TUCKER

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COMING EVENTS

Austria

BAD AUSSEE. February 8, Ski-Jumping.
HOFGASTEIN. February 6, Ski-Jumping.
INNSBRUCK. January 20–21, Championship Matches in Figure Skating; *22–22*, Championship Matches in Ice Curling; *22–24*, International Ice Hockey Tournament; *23*, Toboggan Races; *24*, International Motorcycle-Ski-joring Competition; Austrian Championship Tobogganing Competition; *25*, International Sleigh Races; *26*, Austrian Ski Championship Competition for Ladies and Gentlemen; *28*, International Ski-Jumping championship for the trophy donated by the Austrian Federal President.
KITZBÜHEL. January 30, International Ski-Jumping Contest.
MALLNITZ. February 2–4, Austrian Championship Ski Competition.
SANKT-ANTON. January 28, Ski-Jumping for Juveniles.
SEMMERING. February 11, Ski-Jumping.
VIENNA. March 11–18, International Fair.

Brazil

RIO DE JANEIRO. January 20, Celebration of the Founding of Rio de Janeiro.

Bulgaria

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 30, King's Birthday.

China

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. March 12, Commemoration of the death of Dr. Sun Yat-sen; *29*, Commemoration of the Martyrdom of the Seventy-two.

Cuba

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 28, Anniversary of Marti's Birthday.

England

CARDIFF. January 20, Rugby Football: Wales *v.* England.
LIVERPOOL. March 23, Grand National Steeplechase.
LONDON. January 15–26, International Circus; *February 19*, British Industries Fair at Olympia and White City; *March 17*, Rugby Football: England *v.* Scotland at Twickenham.

Estonia

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. February 24, Independence Day.

Finland

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. February 5, Runeberg's Birthday; *28*, Kalevala Day.

Ireland

DUBLIN. February 10, Rugby Football: Ireland *v.* England.

Italy

FLORENCE. January 15–March 10, Course in Italian history and art for foreigners.

Lithuania

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. February 16, Independence Day.

Panama

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 21, Foundation Day.

Poland

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. February 11, Kosciuszko Day.

Russia

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 22, Commemoration of the death of Lenin.

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SCOTLAND

EDINBURGH. February 3, Football: Scotland *v.* Wales; *24*, Football: Scotland *v.* Ireland.

SWITZERLAND

ADELBODEN. January 17, Shooting Match: England *v.* Switzerland; *20–21*, District Ski Race of Bernese Oberland; *24*, Slalom for guests; *26*, Curling Match; *31*, Cross Country Ski-joring Race; *February 4*, Skating Exhibition; *5*, Pistol Shooting Match; *8*, Ski Relay Race for Guests; *11*, Jumping Competition; *14*, Boblet Race; *17–18*, Downhill Race; *21*, Shooting Match; *25*, Ski Race of the Ski Club; *March 11*, Ski Festival.

AROSA. February 1–4, International Ice Hockey Tournament; *9–11*, Fashion Show and Horse Race on the Lake; *20–22*, Ski Competitions; Distance and Downhill Race; Jumping; Slalom; *March 7–8*, Ski Championships for Guests; *17–18*, Fifth Spring Ski Race.

BASEL. January 16, Popular Symphony Concert; *17*, Piano Recital; *20*, Symphony Concert; *22*, Orchestra Concert; *23*, Chamber Music Concert; *30*, Concert by the Basel Trio; *February 6*, Chamber Music Concert; *7*, Chamber Music Concert; *19–21*, Carnival Celebrations.

BERN. January 30, Chamber Music Concert; *February 5–6*, Symphony Concerts; *February 13*, Chamber Music Concert; *15*, International Skating Exhibition; *March 18*, Exhibition of Paintings, Plastics, and Graphics.

BIENNE. February 10–11, Race of the Jura Ski Association; *18–19*, Carnival Celebration; *March 11*, Ski Race.

CHATEAU D'ŒX. January 15, Skating Competition; *16–17*, Curling Match; *21*, Horse Race and Ski-joring; *3–4*, Distance Race of the Ski Club; *10*, Curling Match; *18*, Hockey Match; *25*, Ski Race of the Ski Club.

LES DIABLERETS. January 15–16, Curling Matches; *20*, Ski Race.

ENGELBURG. January 20, Ski Race; *February 1–2*, World Championship for Two-seater Bobs; *4*, Winter Automobile Tests; *11*, Military Patrol Ski Race; *12*, Carnival on the Ice Rink; *18*, Downhill Ski Race; *22*, Night Festival on the Ice Rink; *27*, Toboggan Race.

FRIBOURG. February 11, Skating and Waltzing on Ice: Competitions for Couples.

GRINDELWALD. January 20–21, Bob Race; *28*, Distance Ski Race; *February 10–11*, Ice Sports; *March 17–18*, Ski Race.

KANDERSTEG. January 18, Bobsleigh Race; *29–February 3*, Curling Matches.

MONTANA-VERMALDA. January 18, Skating and Waltzing on Ice: Competitions; *21*, Ski Race and Ice Jumping Competitions; *27–28*, Bob Championships of French Switzerland; *February 4*, Ski Races; *8*, Curling Match; *11*, Gymkhana on Ice; *18*, Ice Hockey Match; *March 4*, Bob and Toboggan Races.

MÜRREN. January 18, Skating Competitions; *19*, Ski Downhill Race; *23*, Curling Match; *27*, Ski Relay Race; *28*, Interclub Ski Race; *February 23*, Toboggan Race.

ST. MORITZ. January 15, International Tennis Tournament; *20–25*, Ski Races; *29–30*, Boblet Grand Prix on the Bob Run; *February 8–9*, Bob Derby; *19*, Fifth Flying Mile on Ski; *March 3*, Skating Exhibition on the Ice Stadium.

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

they had changed the names of things their work was finished. To-day they are discovering that it has only begun.

ONE does not usually think of humor in connection with Scandinavia, but Graham Greene found it in both Norway and Sweden. Since he wrote his essay, the Norwegian Labor Party has made substantial gains at the recent parliamentary elections, and Sweden has shown its conservatism by awarding the Nobel Prize for literature to Ivan Bunin. Both these events are quite in line with Mr. Greene's interpretation of the two countries.

DENIS SAURAT'S account of his visit to Gourdyev's school of wisdom in Fontainebleau ten years ago throws new light on two British celebrities—one living, one dead. Mr. A. R. Orage, editor of the *New English Weekly* and expounder of Major C. H. Douglas's Social Credit Theory in the columns of a recent issue of *Fortune*, appears as one of the inmates of the Gourdyev establishment and as M. Saurat's guide, philosopher, and friend. It was also at this school of wisdom that Katherine Mansfield died shortly before M. Saurat's visit, and he describes the little platform in the cowshed where she breathed her last.

REVOLUTION—or, at any rate, hatred of capitalism—has broken out in the younger generation of France. Friedrich Sieburg, author of *Who Are These French?* and Paris correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, is a non-Aryan Nazi and as such can see National Socialism as the only solution of the French intellectuals' present dilemma. The case for Communism is presented by a native-born Frenchman who is more successful in depicting the state of confusion that now exists in literary circles than in proving that France will choose the Communist solution.

OUR three tales from Russia introduce three light-hearted, short-story writers, all of them typical of the new régime. Of the three, Zoshchenko is perhaps the best known in his own country. The essay on Ivan Bunin in our 'Persons and Personages' department is especially interesting in this connection as it shows what a gulf separates that typical novelist of the old régime from the writers of the present generation.

THE other two figures in 'Persons and Personages' are both Germans, but their resemblance ends at that point. Max Reinhardt needs no introduction and Horst Wessel will soon be as well known. He is, or was, the young man who wrote one of the Nazi song hits, 'When Jew's blood spurts from the knife, then everything's going fine,' and was murdered in a dispute over a streetwalker. He has become, nevertheless, the Joan of Arc of the National-Socialist movement and the 'Horst Wessel' song has become in Germany what 'Primavera' is in Italy.

TWO months ago we omitted 'The Sciences and Society' from our November issue and asked our readers whether they wished the new department to be continued. The replies we received left no doubt in our minds that the department was a success, and it has now become a regular feature of the magazine. This month the Editor's series of essays in prophecy comes to an end, and we again pause to ask our readers whether they would like THE LIVING AGE to include a regular editorial article each month in addition to 'The World Over.'

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